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BIOGRAPHY.

It is a strange fact,—notable,—but, as far as we know, not hitherto noted,—that while, during the last half century there has been a growing tendency to adopt higher and truer views of the nature of history, to consider civilization more philosophically, and to estimate Man not by an arid succession of events but by the harmony and wholeness of his being and destiny, there has been a rapid deterioration of that without which history loses much both of its interest and its significance—the portraiture of such whose career has to a greater or less extent been a potency and a speciality in the world. Biography has been sinking deeper and deeper into imbecility at the same time that history has been assuming grander aims, and a more comprehensive scope. The treatment of historical themes has, indeed, not been free from the diffuseness, the vagueness and the superficiality which are the main features of contemporary literature; but few historians in the past

or in the present generation have refused to do homage to the increasing import of Humanity, or to become the apostles of those wiser and wider Ideas by which the march of Humanity is alike hastened and measured. Biography, on the contrary, is the echo of every existing feebleness, without indicating or assisting any existing effort or aspiration for diviner conceptions or diviner forms of social development. It is satisfied to be as frothy and frivolous as the trashiest novel of the day, yet not responding to the earnest utterances which, rude in the millions, and refined in the few, are the infallible prophecies of a grander and a holier future. It would be absurd indeed to expect biographers in general to be accomplished writers; but it is not unjust to demand that they should possess some small portion of the skill, aptitude, and experience for their particular department of literary endeavour, which are thought indispensable for every other. It would be preposterous to quarrel with a modern dramatist for not being SHAKSPEARE; but we should certainly have substantial cause for denouncing him if we found him utterly ignorant of the principles of his art. It is not because living biographers perform wretchedly what they attempt that we think them so censurable; it is because they know absolutely nothing of the value or of the objects of biography. In all authors, except those whose transcendental genius is accompanied by reverence for their vocation as revealers of the Ideal to their brethren, there must be much of the lamentable habit of bookmaking. Rarely, too rarely, is conscience the dispenser of the treasures of Mind. The ethical and the æsthetic are sisters, but they are seldom seen walking in the same path. Where the love of notoriety does not impel the pen a baser motive urges; and he who sends forth volume after volume because scribbling is a necessary luxury of his sickly and epicurean intellect is merely a respectable specimen of that uselessly busy animal that shoots pheasants, keeps a yacht, frequents the race-course, or manufactures a romance, as the whim may be. Some men write, since, if they do not write, they must starve; some men write, having an inordinate opinion of their puny faculties, wishing all the world to have the same; some men write, happening to have a strong liking for those dangerous weapons that are taken from the backs of geese to put into the hands of fools, and not happening to have a strong liking for a fox-hunt or a steeple-chase. But though the consecration of literary power to an exalted moral purpose is so unfrequently seen, still there is in most literary labourers some small fitness for the work which they attempt. The author of a tale has generally been an extensive reader of tales; he is acquainted with the best models; he has not the presumption to rush before the public with his first and rudest efforts; he is not utterly destitute of narrative and descriptive talent; and he displays sufficient ingenuity in the construction of the whole, and of skill in the arrangement of the parts to produce a sustained interest and a melo-dramatic effect. The exponent of a science or the spinner of a sonnet; the illustrator of some branch of philosophy or the dabbler in sentimental rhyme; the teacher of logic or the magazine essayist; the political theorizer or the newspaper critic; the commentator upon cash, upon corn, or upon cookery, or the unfold of the marvels of astronomy, each and all of these deem it indispensable to know something, much or little, of the department which they have severally chosen. Even the concocter of the most wretched farce that ever presented its obscenities to the sailor audience of a seaport pothouse metamorphosed into a theatre does not venture wholly to disregard probability, fidelity to human character and the rules applicable to the creation of scenical harmony and life. Look, however, at our pitiful biographers,—the prolific producers of tome upon tome, dead and orderless as chaos. They, alike dull, arrogant, and feeble, wear the livery of the literary hack without that which alone makes the literary hack supportable, his mechanical dexterity. Professional makers of fetiches that they would fain have us reverence as Gods, they give a few rough strokes of their clumsy chisel to a shapeless block, fix it with great ceremony on its heaviest end, cry to their fellows to bow down before it, and then strut away with the gravity of an ostrich as if they had just contributed a radiant Apollo to the immortal forms of beauty. What can scarcely be considered even in the most favourable view as anything but a passable caricature of a milestone is pompously set

up as a divinity. The evil would be trifling if the sculptors of these idols were their only worshippers and their only priests. But whenever you choose to exhibit a golden calf to the multitude you are sure to find many willing to adore it. Your Fetich, whatever name you give it, whether that of a beatified oldmaid, of a Presbyterian doctor, or of a common-place youth cut off by a common-place disease, will be kissed by the fervent lips of numerous and enthusiastic devotees. It would be an exceedingly harmless matter that ponderous quartos, dignified by the title of memoirs, should be ushered into the world with a prodigious hubbub by gossips, by pedants, by bigots, or by the silly sons of silly fathers; for gravitation is a law to which NEWTON and a drivelling-book are equally disposed to do homage, and when a thing purporting to be a biography appeared, a momentary splash would be heard on that devouring gulph, whither sooner or later, all falsehood hastens. In this innocent aspect, however, the leaden chronicles of persons who neither were nor did anything remarkable, can no longer be regarded when it is proved that those chronicles lower the tone of literature, diffuse the most preposterous and degrading notions of morality, maintain the reign of quackery by multiplying the race of dupes, flatter and feed the base vanities, and the paltry prejudices of the living by garnishing the sepulchres of the dead, and convert into an idiotic admiration for some diminutive notability, the love and the reverence that hallow the memory of the saints and sages of the past. Let dunces write books about dunces; wholly indifferent is this while the departed dunce and his eulogist alone are concerned. But when such books pander to what is meanest, vulgarest, and cowardly in society, they cease to be blunders and become crimes; their stupidity is lost in their mischief; they must be grappled with and crushed.

What biography should be cannot be said in a few words; it is more easy to characterize the monstrosities perpetrated by biographers. That it should tell us a man's real value, not his conventional reputation, will be readily admitted. It should inform us what he did, not what was thought of his doings, the qualities that constituted his individuality and strength, not those that gained him the gaping wonder of the crowd. If he was a charlatan then let his career as a charlatan be exhibited; it will afford us more amusement and perhaps more philosophy than the dry and tedious records of many who, from negative virtues and from being the echoes of a popular caprice, are puffed into a temporary renown. But if his only claim to my attention is his slight superiority to his neighbours in piety, in industry, or in benevolence, why should I be compelled to read all the letters he despatched to his wife on domestic government, all the truisms he babbled to his children on the tyranny of the passions, all the encomiums that were lavished on him by his friends? I wish to gaze on a human brother who had the courage and the energy to perform what no one else dared to attempt, and you offer me a smooth and shallow something shorn of all salencies, that has softened its angularities and tamed its vigour into fitness for the standard of the world. I wish to honour a hero exulting in his freedom, his determination and the fulness of his resources, and you show me the selfish apologist of the current maxims, that sacrifice the true to the plausible, one of those worthies who are called sagaciously because they are always praising moderation, and elevated in their views and profound in their reflections because they never give their adhesion to a cause till it is certain to be successful. An ordinary man may become the centre around which gather extraordinary events, and as such he is a legitimate subject for the pen of the biographer. But he is so not on his own account, but on account of the events. An extraordinary man may never move in any except ordinary events; he becomes interesting to the writer or to the reader for himself alone. An extraordinary man may have an extraordinary career, and thus has he a double claim to the writer's and the reader's notice. When, however, an ordinary man surrounded only by ordinary events is torn from the just obscurity that covers his tomb to be pushed into notoriety by foolish relations or unscrupulous adventurers, biography forgets its main intention, and is entitled to no more credit than the lies of an auctioneer's catalogue. There is a sense indeed in which the life of every one could be rendered instructive and attractive. For wisely seen, the external existence of every one is a

romance, and the internal revelation. But to picture that romance as a dramatic whole and to exhibit this revelation as a spiritual system is the privilege of genius; a privilege how rare! The history of the commonest person may be rendered as fascinating and valuable as that of the most remarkable, if it is grouped and coloured by the pencil of a master. And in truth the literature of every nation abounds with the records of such as we pass undistinguished by in our daily intercourse with society. What are the subordinate characters in the works of SHAKSPEARE and SCOTT but so many biographies? Is not the *Eugenie Grandet* of BALZAC as much the memoirs of a miser as if some Father Grandet of our acquaintance had published a similar book as a faithful delineation of himself? To genius no subjects are bad; to the audacious vanity that would assume its place no subjects are good. DEFOE has made the best biography that ever appeared out of the adventures of an English sailor. Who yet has fitly chronicled the actions of HANNIBAL or NAPOLEON? Still, because genius depends principally on itself and little on its subjects, this is no apology for common-place biographers of common-place people. The small heroes of their small productions must all have had some features worth noting, must all have done some deeds worth relating. Yet it is precisely such features and such deeds which this race of biographers never fails to omit; and the reason is easily given. Our intellectual sympathies are as strong as our moral. And in speaking or writing about anything we are always irresistibly driven to dwell on that which has the closest affinity to our nature. One historian of the French Revolution will show himself only anxious about its causes; another will see it simply as a cluster of picturesque facts, to be picturesquely narrated; a third will view it as a splendid illustration of a favorite theory, and bend all its incidents to that; a fourth will brand it as a popular crime; a fifth praise it as a popular triumph. If FICHTE had composed a life of SPINOZA it would have been nothing but an essay on the energies of will; if BOSWELL had composed one he would have told us in his own peculiar gossiping fashion how much SPINOZA delighted in witnessing the battles of spiders, and what were the items of his wardrobe when he died.

DECORATIVE ART-UNION.

ABOUT two years since we submitted to the public, through the pages of THE CRITIC, a design for the establishment of a society, to be formed upon the plan of the Art-Union, but with a different end, as we believe, a far more useful and more interesting object—namely, the encouragement and improvement of *Decorative Art*. It may be briefly described as designed to substitute for pictures and engravings, which are the works distributed by the present Art-Unions as their prizes, works of Decorative Art, things that are both useful and ornamental.

The purpose is, not only to give to subscribers things which they will really more value than pictures, and a greater number of them, but to give to Decorative Art the same stimulus which the Art Unions have given to Pictorial Art, by the annual exhibition of the objects submitted for competition, and the money that would be distributed in prizes.

The proposition was extremely well received, and was proceeding prosperously, gathering subscribers daily, when the Revolutions of 1848 burst upon Europe, engrossing all thoughts and diverting attention from all lesser topics of interest. Prudence dictated the postponement of the plan.

It seems to us that now the time is come for reviving it earnestly and actively. Many circumstances invite to this. The returning prosperity of the country, the increased and increasing regard given to Decorative Art, as a matter not only of national taste, but of national advantage in the improvement of our manufactures, and above all the grand project of Prince ALBERT, for a world-wide exhibition of the industry of all nations in London in the spring of 1851, combine to assure us that we may now renew our enterprise with a certainty of success. With this latter project it will, indeed, have a very intimate connexion, and none who wish well to Prince ALBERT's great exhibition can refuse to give their countenance and aid to a society having the

same objects, and which will even more permanently assist the development of Decorative Art.

We therefore, call upon all those of our readers who took an interest before in the establishment of the Decorative Art Union, to renew their energies now. Of course, at such a distance of time, we cannot venture to treat the long list of subscribers then collected as being still such, and therefore, we must commence a new one, but hoping that all who gave their names then will authorize their re-insertion in the new list. The same agents, we hope, will help us, and those who did not then support it will, we trust, now do so. In conclusion, we will for this week request a perusal of the plan, which is very minutely described in the following prospectus, and state that, for the present, until it is strong enough to go alone, to avoid expense while in its infancy, all communications relating to it, names of subscribers, offers of agency, suggestions and proffers of aid, are to be addressed to the Publisher of THE CRITIC, at THE CRITIC OFFICE, 29, Essex Street, Strand.

As soon as it is advanced enough it will find a habitation of its own and a Committee of Management; but for the present we have undertaken the charge of it at our own cost of money and labour, and again we entreat all who may approve the design to give it the most effectual support, by immediately transmitting their own names as subscribers, and exerting themselves to make it known to their friends, and to procure them to do the like.

Its progress and doings will be duly reported in every number of THE CRITIC.

PROSPECTUS OF THE DECORATIVE ART-UNION.

THE DECORATIVE ART-UNION to consist of an indefinite number of members, to be incorporated by Royal Charter, under the provisions of the Act of Parliament relating to Art-Unions.

The Annual Subscription to be half-a-Guinea.

The affairs of the Society to be conducted by a Council elected by the Members.

The Funds of the Society to be applied as follows:—The Council to determine on a certain number of objects of Decorative Art, and to offer liberal prizes to Artists for the best designs.

The Council will then contract with manufacturers for the production of the works according to the designs to which the prizes have been awarded. The Society will preserve the copyright of the designs, and when the number required by them for distribution as prizes are produced, the model is to be destroyed; the object of this arrangement being to assure the prizeholders of the Society that their prizes shall never fall in value by becoming common.

It will be an express condition that all designs and all works executed for and distributed by the Society shall be original.

The works of Decorative Art thus manufactured for the Society will be open to public exhibition in London, with the names of the Artist and Manufacturer affixed to each.

After which they will be distributed among the Members of the Society by public drawing, precisely as is now done with the Art-Union.

Subscribers of *One Guinea* will be entitled to *two* Shares, having a *Double Ticket* will be presented with some one of the Works of Art.

N.B.—The Works of Decorative Art are intended to comprise every species of Ornamental Furniture.

ADDRESS.

Such is an outline of the plan proposed to the public for approval and adoption. Its uses are obvious. It will give a vast stimulus to Decorative Art, and thus confer an immense benefit on the manufactures and commerce of the country. It will encourage by suitable rewards the best artists to design and the ablest workmen to execute. It will encourage among the public a taste for art in decoration, which will have a constant tendency to advancement. A successful prizeholder will not be content with the one exquisite work of Decorative Art he obtains from the Society; it will become a standard of taste to which he will be anxious to adapt the rest of his furniture.

It is believed, also, that the objects of such a Society are likely to be universally attractive. Every person can appreciate and will desire to possess such works as the Society proposes to distribute, and which will combine utility with ornament. If the Art-Union, limited to painting and engraving, can boast of 14,000 subscribers, it is anticipated that the DECORATIVE ART-UNION, still more attractive and more practically useful, will obtain equal if not greater support.

It may be observed, also, that the DECORATIVE ART-

UNION will be enabled to distribute very many more prizes than its contemporary, for its works of Art will not be so costly. It is proposed that the cost of the highest shall not exceed £100, and of many, such, for instance, as those of Plastic Art, some three or four hundred copies may be made for little more than the cost of one, and then the mould may be destroyed, so that there may be few, if any, of the subscribers who will not obtain a work of Art which, though it cost but a small sum to the Society, will, in consequence of the limited number produced, have a higher intrinsic value than the whole of the subscription.

By the recent statute relating to Art-Unions it is enacted, that associations for the purchase of works of Art, to be distributed by chance to their Subscribers, shall obtain a Royal Charter of Incorporation.

It will, therefore, be necessary, before the proposed DECORATIVE ART-UNION can apply for a Charter, that it should have enrolled a sufficient number of subscribers to justify the application.

To obtain these is the object of this preliminary Prospectus.

To afford to the public a guarantee that this application is *bona fide*, and as the best assurance of responsibility, the Editor of THE CRITIC, by whom the Society is planned and proposed, will give to its advancement the aid of the columns of that Journal and the gratuitous assistance of its large establishment, until a sufficient number of Subscribers are promised to permit a formal organization of the Society. For the present, therefore, all communications upon the subject are to be addressed to the Editor of THE CRITIC, at the Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand, London, where information will be given and names of intended subscribers registered.

It is to be hoped that all who, on perusing this Prospectus, approve the design and are willing to support it, will forward their names and addresses as above, and the columns of THE CRITIC will, with each number, gratuitously convey to them intelligence of the progress of the Society. It should be added that payment of the subscription will not be required until a sufficient list of subscribers is secured to justify the application to the Queen for the Charter of Incorporation, but as there will be some expenses, any portion of it that may be forwarded will be placed to the account of the subscriber as part payment.

Eales White, Esq., Taunton, Provincial Member for the West Somerset District.

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HISTORY.

A Course of Lectures on Modern History; to which are added Historical Essays on the beginnings of our History, and on Caesar and Alexander. By FREDERICK SCHLEGEL. Translated by LYNDSEY PURCELL and R. H. WHITELOCK, Esqrs. London: Bohn.

THESE Lectures were delivered at Vienna, in the year 1810. They attracted so much attention, and the audience were so pleased with

them, that a general desire was expressed for their publication in a form which might enable all the reading world of Germany to profit by them. Their popularity was immediate and their reputation has been permanent. A translation of them into English cannot, therefore, but prove one of the most acceptable additions which Mr. BOHN has made to his admirable *Standard Library* itself the most valuable boon yet conferred upon British literature by the enterprise of a bookseller.

When a book like this can be bought for three shillings and sixpence, it would be trespassing upon our reader's patience to review it at length, for there are few who will not place it upon their shelves and peruse it at their leisure. But to give them some idea of the interesting topics in store for them, we may be permitted briefly to sketch the most prominent of the contents of the volume.

SCHLEGEL starts with the assertion that there are three subjects which chiefly attract the attention of educated men, and occupy their leisure;—the philosophy of life,—the enjoyment of the fine arts,—and the study of history.

We are sorry to say that the first of these is scarcely applicable to our own country and era. The philosophy of life is ignored in England. It is never thought of, written about, or talked about. Our generation is absorbed in researches into the external world: of the world within themselves, of their own constitution and destiny, of the mind, its functions and its powers, they know little and care less.

The study of history has fared better. It is not quite neglected. If our own philosophers have avoided it, either from incapacity or want of encouragement, a welcome has been given to the works that have come to us from abroad; Guizot's *Lectures on Civilization* have been translated in a variety of forms and very extensively read, and these lectures of F. SCHLEGEL are likely to be almost as popular.

Having pointed out the value of history, he begins with the beginning, and describes the original state of the populations in Europe generally, and in Germany in particular. He then rapidly traces downward the history of Europe, dwelling with more minuteness upon that of his own country, which, indeed, is made the centre figure about whom all the rest are grouped as accessories. He philosophizes as he goes along, stating his facts very briefly, but still picturesquely, and then he shows the relationship between events, often far distant in time or place, and averting his eyes from the glitter of courts, which seem alone to be attractive to most of those who boast of being "the regular" historians, he fixes his regards upon peoples, and notes the development of ideas, and their progress, material and moral. He is not content with merely describing events, as he finds them recorded; he tests the truth of narratives by fair inquiry into the external evidence and examination of internal probabilities, and thus, taking a large view of the entire European community, he is enabled to form a much fairer judgment of men and things than could the man who undertakes only the history of a single country and who always appears to deem himself to be thereby bound to become more of an advocate than of a judge, and to make out a case for it, instead of passing a strictly impartial verdict. There are such leanings, to be sure, discoverable in the lectures before us; but they are infinitely less than we are wont to find in the works of the lecturer's contemporaries, or,

indeed, in those of any epoch, past or present. Hence are these lectures peculiarly adapted for reading by the higher classes in schools, for they will serve to correct many narrow views, unavoidably contracted from the study of partial histories, and they will give that which the educated classes of our own country need more than aught beside—general principles and a large grasp of things—a mind's-eye picture of the progress and condition of Europe, contemplated as a whole, apart from special knowledge of each division of it. The former serves to correct and illustrate the latter, which is imperfectly known without it. Therefore, all who desire to have a thorough acquaintance with modern history, should read with attention this course of lectures by FREDERICK SCHLEGEL.

BIOGRAPHY.

Recollections and Experiences during a Parliamentary Career from 1833 to 1848. By JOHN O'CONNELL, Esq., M.P. In 2 vols. London: Bentley.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

WE present our readers with a few more extracts from these interesting volumes. Here is

FEARGUS O'CONNOR AGAIN.

The elections of 1832-33, in Ireland, were marked by a more general outburst of popular feeling than had been witnessed in that country before. Individual instances there had been, and truly magnificent instances, of what the Irish people could do, on a fitting occasion and for a worthy object. In Waterford, in 1826, and in Clare, in the ever-memorable election of 1828, this had been abundantly and, I repeat the epithet, *magnificently* demonstrated. But no general effort had been made really by the people and for the people until the period we have mentioned, namely, the winter of 1832-33, when thirty-eight or forty of the Irish members were returned on the popular or Repeal interest—the Repeal being then for the first time made an election question. Perhaps the queerest election that occurred in the three kingdoms was that of Feargus O'Connor as a member for the important county of Cork. Without money and without previous influence, personal or political, an unknown and not over-wealthy squire of an obscure part of the country, set out to attack and overturn the influence and sway of the most powerful and richest landed aristocracy in Ireland; and, thanks to his indomitable energy and audacity, and to the ready and ardent patriotism of the people, which only required to be called into action, he succeeded. One little incident will be enough to give an idea of his campaign. It was thought advisable by himself and others that his candidatureship should not appear to be altogether of his own devising, but that something like an invitation to him, or at least a sanction to his coming forward should emanate from some portion of the constituency. How this was to be brought about was the difficulty. A prophet is said never to be in honour in his own country; and Feargus had at least so much in common with the prophets. To use an ungainly but expressive word, which seems thoroughly adopted from the French, his *antecedents* had brought him as little regard and respect with any party, as his subsequent history up to the present moment. Done, however, this was; and no matter by what manœuvring it was effected, the public announcement of it was creditable enough. Not only an invitation to come forward as a parliamentary candidate was addressed to Feargus O'Connor, but some thirty or forty of the stout yeomen farmers of the county requested the honour of his gracious company to a public entertainment. The dinner took place. There was plenty of mutton; plenty of good hot punch, and more than a plenty of speechifying. Feargus *outfeargused* himself in his acknowledgments to the large and enlightened body of the electors of the county by whom he had the pleasure to see himself surrounded, and who had proved their wisdom and judgment by naming as their future member so devoted, disinterested,

and talented a gentleman as himself. The orator rattled on—the auditory shouted on (moistening their throats abundantly the while),—the night wore on till long past the witching hour, when all who were capable of motion went off in one fashion or other; and Feargus himself took his departure, full of glory, to his own domicile: unconscious of the *amare aliquid* which awaited him there in the shape of a bill for the *entire cost of the dinner* and (according to some versions of the story,) for the stabling of the farmers' horses, while their owners were *entertaining* him! In his canvass he was assisted by, and in his turn rendered back the same assistance to, his cousin, O'Neill Daunt, then standing, and afterwards elected, for the borough of Mallow. Between them both the plan of taking county and borough aristocrats simultaneously by surprise had been concocted and carried out by both with infinite cleverness; but Daunt, although very far superior to O'Connor in information, tastes, habits of life, and general ability, was no match for him in dexterity, and had a lamentable proof of it on one occasion in particular, when as both stood on the hustings, Daunt, to his dismay and horror, had to listen while Feargus delivered *ore ro-tundo*, and greatly to the admiration of the multitude, the very speech that Daunt himself had most carefully prepared for that particular occasion; Feargus having during their journey to the place of meeting most industriously and successfully *pumped* his unsuspecting companion of his tropes and topics, and, in short, all his treasured eloquence!

Mr. JOHN has not a good word for any person who has appeared as a prominent opponent of the Irish party. Lord STANLEY, Mr. ROEBUCK, Mr. MACAULAY, are virulently assailed. Thus is

MR. ROEBUCK PAINTED BY AN O'CONNELL.

Few men possess in so striking a degree, the dangerous and unhappy gift of sarcastic powers as Mr. Roebuck. It is a dangerous and unhappy gift to its possessor, as it robs him of friends, while it procures for him plenty of applauders and backers at the moment: each man being glad to have the lash directed against his neighbours, and averted from himself. The effect of Mr. Roebuck's other talents—and they are not in small measure either as to quantity or quality—is grievously marred by this propensity to bitterness, and the likelihood of his ever attaining the position of a political leader rendered almost naught. Men like to be led, indeed, as it is said of political parties, at least in this country, that they do not object to having what sailors call a "taut hand" kept over them; or if they grumble, still are found to submit to it far better than they would to a guidance attempted in milder, and more considerate fashion. But no man likes to be perpetually in hot water; and no man likes to be the butt of his leader's sarcasms: and whoever follows John Arthur Roebuck must make up his mind to both contingencies; for that gentleman is never—I will not say *contented*, for content and he have nothing in common—but is never in his glory, save when over the shoulders, and nearly over head, in the *hottest* water; and when he has not an opponent to assail, will turn his fine-edged and glittering steel upon a friend.

Mr. Roebuck's person, as well as manner and delivery, are well known; the former small and spare, but well formed; the head highly intellectual, but the countenance telling tales of the acrimony within. His voice is harsh, but clear; and his delivery a little too sharp and dogmatic to be altogether pleasing; while at the same time it is undoubtedly impressive and telling.

And this is his portrait of

MR. MACAULAY.

Mr. Macaulay, in the debates of ten years previously on the Irish Coercion Bill of 1833, in his first great display in a reformed (or, I believe, *any*) House of Commons, experienced the fate which genius most richly merits when it degrades itself to ignoble purposes. He came out with an elaborately prepared oration in favour of the new measure of tyranny for Ireland; and it proved a most elaborate and utter failure.

On the occasion of the only time that the lyre of the great Magician of the North was heard to creak—that of his "*carmen triumphale*" on the victory of Water-

loo—some such distich as the following was addressed to him:

"Then none by pistol or by shot
Fell half so flat as Walter Scott!"

It might have been paraphrased with regard to the brilliant Macaulay's assault upon Ireland and defence of coercion, for he fell flat indeed, and flat in the mud!

How admirably he has since redeemed his fame it is not at all needful here to detail. The gushing richness and fulness of his eloquence absorbs, fascinates, and carries away his auditory, making them utterly oblivious, or, at least, disregarding of the occasional too great evidences of art and study. He never showed himself ready at an impromptu speech; but the sparkling brilliancy of his prepared efforts excused, covered, and most abundantly atoned for the attendant delays and infrequentencies of their exhibition.

There was, however, a repetition of the *fall* in his declamation against Repeal in 1843. Sentence after sentence came out *ore rotundo*, stating alternative after alternative that he would prefer to the measure demanded by the people of Ireland—the restoration of their own Parliament—each sentence ending with a "no, never!" strongly suggestive of the popular song, or burden of a song,

"Did you ever? No I never!" &c. &c.

In sober sadness, it was not worthy of his talents and character to set himself thus up in petulant and puny opposition to a constitutional demand of an aggrieved people. It ought not to have been made an occasion for an oratorical display, and for what might indeed be called an empty oratorical bravado.

Not very flattering is his description of

THE IRISH MEMBERS.

Of Irish peculiarities the most noticeable is of course the "brogue," with all its varieties, distinguishable so readily by our ears, but by those of a "Saxon" confounded all in one hideous *cacophony*. There is the lounging, easy-going, drawling, saucy-toned Dublin accent; with the several variations upon it that mark nearly all the other counties of the province of Leinster. Then follow the plain outspoken, unmitigated roughness of Waterford; the voluble, and somewhat sing-song brogue of the beautiful city and county of Cork;—that of Tipperary, rough and racy of the soil, even as the Tipperary men themselves;—Limerick, with its tones more *grasseyant*, but quite as unmistakable; Clare, and "the kingdom" of Kerry, rapid, harsh, and fierce in sound; and finally, the infinite sub-varieties of brogue throughout the province of Connaught, running through the whole diapason of discord. The north can be dismissed in a very few words. Take all the varieties and sub-varieties of all the other districts or provinces, and engraft them respectively upon the stiffest and most uncouth specimen of broad lowland Scotch, and thus, with the exception of a few scattered districts, chiefly in the north-west of Ulster, where the aboriginal brogue "is yet to be found in all its pristine purity and richness," you have the "human voice divine," as it issues from the fancies of a north-of-Ireland man! No doubt all these accents are exceedingly disagreeable to "polite" English ears; and in the House of Commons we get proofs enough that the "*lingua Inglese in bocca Irlandese*" is not at all pleasant to our British and North-British colleagues; but they have the remedy in their own hands. We do not quarrel with the brogue; we are very well content with it at home, and with our own portion of it; and we would gladly spare Englishmen and Scotchmen the annoyances of it, if enabled to do so by their consenting to dismiss us home, there to discuss in our own way, and in our own way to settle, our own affairs. There is one accent, however, or mongrel mixture of accents, which receives no mercy in Ireland. It is the worst, and most unpardonable of all ear grievances, and a heavy aggravation of all and every species of the brogue. I speak of the attempt, unhappily not uncommon, to *plate* the latter over, as it were, with the choicest specimens of cockneyism! A certain most highly respectable gentleman of the western province of Ireland, now some time dead, was much noted for this. Of him it was commonly remarked, that his accent was rather "*too English for the English themselves!*" It was also commonly reported that once when he was passing through a village-town where he expected to find post-commands for himself and a

neighbouring baronet, at whose house he happened to be residing, something like the following question and answer were overheard at the post-office window, between him and the official within:—"Any *lettars* (letters), pray, for Sir John —?" (pronouncing the Sir John as if spelled *Sirjin*, and to the ear of the unsophisticated post-master as if it were "*Surgeon*," a grade usually confounded in Ireland with that of physician, under the common designation of *doctor*.)—"No, sir, there's nothing here for any *Docther* at all!"

Englishmen, however, blunder as well as Irishmen, and it seems that our defects in pronunciation are palpable to them, though unnoticed by ourselves.

But the laugh is not always against Irishmen alone, upon the score of accent. Almost every Englishman in the House adds to the difficulties of the vexed question of the Poor-Law, by calling it the "*POOR-LAW*." And, indeed, generally speaking the *R* is in great requisition at the end of all words terminating with a vowel. I recollect, too, an English baronet exceedingly severe upon something which he stigmatized as an "Hirish way of doing business, that he *oped* the 'Ouse would never consent to—" And we have heard Scotchman calling unto Scotchman—(the one in a high position in the House, the other awaiting a summons at the bar of the same,)—in something of the following style:—"Muther Jems (James) —?" "*Repurri, Sir!*" "Please to bring it up!" &c. &c. &c. A second much-laughed-at peculiarity of the Irish M. P.s is their warmth in speaking, and violence of gesture. To this, as to the "brogue," we simply plead "*Guilty!*" When we are in earnest, we cannot help *seeming* so; and it requires a long experience and practice in England for us to know how to freeze or *starch* ourselves up, like our respected fellow-subjects "to the manner born." Irish persons long resident in England do indeed, at length, attain this knowledge; and, in fact, as generally happens with imitators, rather *overdo* the thing. But it is a hard and disagreeable lesson.

The following is an amusing and characteristic account of

O'CONNELL'S INTRODUCTION TO GEORGE IV.

Up to the month of April, 1829, he had forborne, upon good advice, the making of any effort to assert his claim; and he was now recommended to come forward, in the idea that a Parliament which had just distinguished itself by so grand an act of liberality would not consent "to throw away the meed of its large honours" for the sake of inflicting a petty personal disqualification. The expectation was by no means idle. There is now little question that he would have been permitted to take his seat but for the personal antipathy and special opposition of George the Fourth.

This personal antipathy was shown in a ludicrous and on every account indecent manner, on an occasion which presented itself about this time.

From the period of George the Fourth's visit to Ireland, in 1820, when the fairest hopes were entertained, and deliberately and specially encouraged from ministerial quarters, as to concessions to be made to the Catholics, wrongs to be redressed, wants attended to, &c. &c., Mr. O'Connell, disgusted and disheartened at the total breach and disregard of the Royal pledges then understood to be given, had not attended a Royal levee until the bringing forward of the measure of Catholic Emancipation in 1829.

When, after the usual amount of pushing and struggling and squeezing, and inconvenience of all sorts, that is to be undergone on such occasions, he reached the door of the Presence Chamber, and had his name announced, he saw the King's lips moving as he advanced, and for a moment thought the words, whatever they might be, were addressed to him; the King looking intently at him while speaking. However, their sound not having reached him, and no further sign being made, Mr. O'Connell made his bow and backed out, thinking no more of the occurrence for the time.

But some weeks afterwards, he saw in a Scotch paper a statement, which on making particular and close inquiry he found to be literally true, that the words uttered by the King, as he approached, had been nothing more nor less than the elegant and Christian ejaculation of "D—the fellow!"

From the *ana* we take the following:

O'CONNELL AT THE POLICE OFFICE.

About the time of the proclaimed "*breakfasts*," my father was arrested and held to bail on a charge of "*disobeying a proclamation!*" It was at his own house in Merriion Square that the arrest took place. Farrell, a venerable specimen of the old school of constables, was the party sent for this purpose, accompanied by two *bludgeon men*; as if it had been some coiner, or desperate burglar that was to be laid hold of. "Mr. O'Connell, I beg of you," said poor Farrell, in an imploring tone, "let us go to the police-office in a coach. I have got the gout, and cannot well walk." "I am very sorry for your gout, Mr. Farrell," was the reply, "but since the Lord Lieutenant has chosen to arrest me as if I were a common thief or housebreaker, I think it right the whole city should know it. I must therefore walk." We walked accordingly to the police-office, in what I believe is called Henry-street, a little *impasse* by the Royal Exchange. The crowd gathered as we went, till in Dame-street we could scarcely make way through it. The people were greatly excited; and by more than one tall fellow—particularly from among the butchers of the Castle Market, several of whom had their cleavers under their coats,—Mr. O'Connell was assailed with—"Ah, Liberator, say the word, only let us at them!"—"No, no!" was his reply; "that is not my game. I do not want to lose any of your lives. Depend upon it we shall beat them yet, if you do not put them in the right, by your breaking the law!" And the poor fellows, disappointed, but then and for many a day afterwards, implicitly obedient to him whom they loved more than their own lives, shrunk back behind him, determined at any rate to follow and see out whatever might happen at the police-office. My father saw plainly that the excitement amongst the people was at a most dangerous height; and this determined him to consent to give bail—his first intention having been to let himself be sent to prison. During the formalities at the police-office, the Lord Lieutenant's private secretary, a Hanoverian, whose name I at this moment forget, kept continually passing between the office and an inner room, as if taking *bulletins* to some person inside. "Come back here, Baron —," suddenly said Mr. O'Connell, "take this message with you to your master. Tell him, I despise him and the paltry outrage he has committed this day on me in the midst of my family. Say to him, that his miserable acts of petty tyranny only determine us the more to struggle to the last for the restoration of our own Parliament, under which, alone, the rights and liberties of Irishmen can be safe!" Several others were arrested and brought to the police-office about the same time; amongst them, Mr. Reynolds, the present M.P. for Dublin, Mr. Barrett, proprietor of the *Pilot* newspaper, and poor—poor Tom Steele! While the bail bonds were being made out in the latter's case, he asked permission of the presiding magistrate to speak, as he said, "a few quiet, calm, cool, deliberate words."—"Oh, certainly, Mr. Steele," said the magistrate, a little *taken in* by the gentleness of tone and manner in which the request was made; and which indeed was a characteristic of Tom Steele in all private and social intercourse. "I thank you, Sir; I thank you much for your great courtesy," replied he, in the same soft tones; then suddenly changing his manner to all the excitement of his public delivery, and fixing his eyes fiercely on the unfortunate Hanoverian Baron, who had just "dropped in" once more, he burst out with—"Then, Sir, I denounce the tyrant, Lord Anglesea, and this his most infamous proceeding! I proclaim here, in the face of day, and before the world, that a fouler, a blacker, a more deadly crime against liberty, justice, and right, was never committed by Nero, or any other of the worst monsters of antiquity." &c. &c.—"Well, Tom, you are a very cool fellow!" was Barrett's quiet remark to him, as, when the storm was spent, he bowed most politely to the astonished officials, and swept out of the place.

Mr. JOHN has preserved the following recollection of

THE OPENING OF THE FIRST REFORMED PARLIAMENT.

In the passages we met and were introduced to Cob-bett, who, like some of ourselves, was then for the first time in Parliament, having been just returned for the newly enfranchised borough of Oldham. Some—at

least I may speak for one—of our party felt no little interest at seeing and speaking to that singular man, whom hitherto we had only known by his powerful but coarse and unscrupulous writings. He was habited, as I recollect, in a kind of pepper-and-salt-coloured garb, in fashion something between that of a Quaker and of a comfortable farmer; and wore rather a broad-brimmed white hat, a little on one side, and thrown back, so as to give the fullest view of his shrewd though bluff countenance, and his keen, cold-looking eye.

We also fell in with Thomas Attwood, of Birmingham, the Lafayette of the Birmingham movement party; quite as respectable and as politically imbecile as his French prototype. With him and two or three more of the English Reformers, who had been recently conspicuous in agitation, we had an interchange of congratulations on the *actual assemblage* of a Reformed Parliament, and of some large anticipations as to further victories; congratulations and anticipations speedily to be put an end to by disgust and disappointment.

As usual at the assembling of a new Parliament, before what the Americans style the "calling to order of the meeting," the floor of the House was covered with Members, either exchanging greetings, intelligence, &c., with old parliamentary acquaintances, or wandering from group to group in quest of such, and in curious examination of the Reform recruits.

I could discern that our "household brigade" were the objects of rather particular scrutiny and criticism, and in especial were favoured with rather a long quizzing from Lord Stanley's eye-glass,—an ordeal to which a hot spirit of our party manifested a good deal of disrelish, so that he could hardly be restrained from making an active demonstration on the spot. In our turn, such of us as were new to Parliament were not idle, but took ample revenge in commenting upon the strange herd amongst which we found ourselves, and on the discrepancies between our preconceived notions of the more remarkable persons and the reality.

We conclude with a sketch of

SIR E. SUGDEN.

At a later period, Sir Edward Sugden was appointed to the office of Lord Chancellor in Ireland—having in the interim, of course, ceased to be a Member of Parliament. In this new position he showed himself to much better advantage than in the former; and performed its duties in a manner quite worthy of his high reputation as a lawyer. But he was "*uncongenial to the soil*," and the soil to him; and innumerable were the odd stories about him afloat among the Dublin public, *with and without* foundation. For him was revived the story, I believe rightly to be told of a countryman of his who had preceded him by several years in the same high office, that having expressed, in consultation with an Irish adviser, surprise that in the case of a local insurrectionary movement the *posse comitatus* of the county where it occurred had not been called out, he was astonished by the answer:—"Passe comitatus," my Lord; "why they're out already! What we want is, to get them home again!" It is reported *exclusively of him* that he visited, somewhat by surprise, a lunatic asylum in the neighbourhood of Dublin, to satisfy himself as to its condition. A hasty notification of the visit is said to have got there just before his arrival, but one a good deal coloured by the waggish propensities of the sender (whoever he was); and the head of the establishment chancing to be absent, the notification in all its colouring was accepted as truth, and so acted upon by the subordinate officials. In consequence, Sir Edward is said to have found himself rather unceremoniously treated while awaiting in the parlour the return of the proprietor; and when his patience had become exhausted, and that he signified his intention of going over the establishment without further delay, he was struck aghast by being informed by the attendant that he could not be allowed to do it. "Can't be allowed to do it! What do you mean, fellow," asked the indignant Chancellor.—"I mean just what I say, then. You can't go, so you may as well be quiet!"—"What do you mean by this insolence? Open the door, sir, and show me to my carriage. I shall report your conduct, and if your master does not punish you I shall take steps to make both him and you respect my authority."—"Oh! be *asy* now with your authority. Keep quiet, I tell you. *Divil a foot* you'll stir out of this till

the *Docthur* comes back, and puts you where you want to be sadly."—"What's the meaning of all this? Don't you know who I am, fellow, or are you mad?"—"Oh! faith, there's one of us mad, sure enough. Troth, I know you very well, if that's all that's troubling you?"—"You can't know me, or you wouldn't dare to behave thus to me—I am the Lord Chancellor of Ireland."—"Lord Chancellor?—well, sure you're welcome home to us—We have three or four Lord Chancellors here already."—And the story goes that Sir Edward Sugden had to submit to the *contrainte par corps*.

Patience, perforce, with wilful choler meeting,

until the return of the proprietor and manager of the asylum, an hour or two later; when with some difficulty he established his identity and *sanity*, and was once more a free man.

"I know not how the case may be,
I tell the tale as 'twas told me."

We must append another

ELECTION JOKE

"Ay, boys!—you may be sure of seeing me at your head at the next election, as you have often seen me before! [Cheers, and cries of "We have, we have! Thru' for you, and long life to you!"] Yes, I will be ever ready at your call, and the call of my country, to lead you on to victory over the paltry enemies of Ireland! [Cheers.] To the end of my life I will ever be at your service, and I do think that were I to die to-morrow, I think I'd try and get back to you for the elections!"

"Troth, then, Charlie," said a fellow in the crowd, "*'tis yourself would be for short parliaments then!*"

The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey.

Edited by his Son, the Rev. CHARLES CUTHBERT SOUTHEY, M.A., Curate of Plumbland, Cumberland. In six vols. Vol. 1. Longman and Co. 1849.

THE interest that attaches to the biography of a man of the study is purely individual. It does not depend upon events and personages with which his career was mingled, but upon his personal feelings, thoughts, and actions. It must be essentially a history of a mind. It must trace the development, the growth and the maturity of intellect, and the means by which it was cultivated so as to produce fruits which the world has admired, and which promise to be as immortal as the language in which they are embodied. Such a study will be of infinite value, both by way of encouragement and of warning:—of encouragement to those who have a natural vocation for letters, by the proof it will afford to them that it is a profession not unrewarded in our days, whatever may have been its treatment formerly, and of warning to the *ungifted* not to hazard their fortunes upon a career for which they have not a manifest fitness, by the example of a man of undoubted genius, like SOUTHEY, labouring with unwearied industry through a long life, and yet with all that toil only educating it to the point at which it could be employed with a moderate profit. If he, thus gifted, thus laborious, could earn so little, what can *they* hope for who have neither his ability nor his perseverance.

We have here before us but the beginning (the first volume only) of the promised life of SOUTHEY, extending from his birth to his twenty-fifth year. But it embraces a period of his literary life which will, perhaps, be read with more curiosity and interest than any other—the first expansion of his mind, when startled by budding reason from the unquestioning faith of childhood, and finding that many things are false which it was wont to accept as true, it begins to doubt and question all that it once believed; when, like the season of the breaking-up of the ice upon a

river, all the streams of thought are disturbed and shattered, and break their natural bounds, but after a while relieve themselves and resume their channels and flow on clearly and calmly in the confidence of conviction. The history of all minds that are worth anything, of all that ever think, is the same. First, credulous faith; then, faith disturbed by reflection; then, scepticism; then, conviction. So it was with SOUTHEY, as we shall see before we have introduced to our readers the six volumes in which the story of his life is to be recorded.

The first volume possesses an attraction which will not be found in any of its successors. It contains a fragment of an autobiography, commenced but not concluded. This invaluable document faithfully describes SOUTHEY's early recollections of his own progress through the first portion of the changes we have indicated. It was written when he was in his forty-sixth year, and addressed in letters to his friend Mr. JOHN MAY, and appears to have been suggested by the virulent attacks at that time (1820,) made upon him by the liberal press, because of the contrast between his then opinions and those he had espoused in his boyish days. Probably this autobiography was designed to be a sort of vindication of his youth. But it needed none, for who is there at this time who dreams of abusing a man because at forty he did not hold the same opinion as at fifteen, or who dares assert that age and experience do not, or ought not, to bring wisdom? If, however, SOUTHEY was prompted by any such desire of self-justification, although unnecessary, we have only cause to rejoice at it, for it has been the means of giving to us one of the most charming pieces of literary biography which the world has seen.

The family of the poet had filled for many years the position of respectable middle-class people in Somersetshire. One of his ancestors was a rich clothier at Wellington, another an attorney in large practice at Taunton. His father was a linendraper in Bristol. And this was

SOUTHEY'S MOTHER.

My mother was born in 1752. She was a remarkably beautiful infant, till, when she was between one and two years old, an abominable nursemaid carried her, of all places in the world, to Newgate (as was afterwards discovered); and there she took the smallpox in its most malignant form. It seemed almost miraculous that she escaped with life and eyesight, so dreadfully severe was the disease; but her eyebrows were almost destroyed, and the whole face seamed with scars. While she was a mere child, she had a paralytic affection, which deadened one side from the hip downward, and crippled her for about twelve months. Some persons advised that she should be placed out of doors in the sunshine as much as possible; and one day, when she had been carried out as usual into the fore-court, in her little arm-chair, and left there to see her brothers at play, she arose from her seat to the astonishment of the family, and walked into the house. The recovery from that time was complete. The fact is worthy of notice, because some persons may derive hope from it in similar cases, and it is by no means improbable that the sunshine really effected the cure.

There are two portraits of my mother, both taken by Robert Hancock in 1798. My brother Tom has the one; the other hangs opposite me where I am now seated in my usual position at my desk. Neither of these would convey to a stranger a just idea of her countenance. That in my possession is very much the best; it represents her as she then was, with features care-worn and fallen away, and with an air of melancholy which was not natural to her; for never was any human being blest with a sweeter temper, or a happier disposition. She had an excellent understanding, and a readiness of apprehension, which I have rarely known surpassed. In quickness of capacity, in the kindness

of her nature, and in that kind of moral magnetism which wins the affections of all within its sphere, I never knew her equal. To strangers she must probably have appeared much disfigured by the smallpox. I, of course, could not be sensible of this. Her complexion was very good, and nothing could be more expressive than her fine clear hazel eyes.

Female education was not much regarded in her childhood. The ladies who kept boarding-schools in those days did not consider it necessary to possess any other knowledge themselves than that of ornamental needlework. Two sisters, who had been mistresses of the most fashionable school in Herefordshire, fifty years ago, used to say when they spoke of a former pupil, "Her went to school to us;" and the mistress of which, some ten years later, was thought the best school near Bristol (where Mrs. Siddons sent her daughter), spoke, to my perfect recollection, much such English as this. My mother, I believe, never went to any but a dancing-school, and her state was the more gracious. But her half-sister, Miss Tyler, was placed at one in the neighbourhood under a Mrs. —, whom I mention because her history is characteristic of those times. Her husband carried on the agreeable business of a butcher in Bristol, while she managed a school for young ladies about a mile out of the town. His business would not necessarily have disqualified her for this occupation (though it would be no recommendation), Kirke White's mother, a truly admirable woman, being in this respect just under like circumstances. But Mrs. — might, with more propriety, have been a blacksmith's wife; as, in that case, Vulcan might have served for a type of her husband in his fate, but not in the complacency with which he submitted to it, horns sitting as easily on his head as upon the beasts which he slaughtered. She was a handsome woman, and her children were, like the "Harleian Miscellany," by different authors. This was notorious; yet her school flourished notwithstanding, and she retired from it at last with a competent fortune, and was visited as long as she lived by her former pupils. This may serve to show a great improvement in the morals of middle life.

Two things concerning my mother's childhood and youth may be worthy of mention. One is, that she had for a fellow-scholar at the dancing-school Mary Darby (I think her name was), then in her beauty and innocence, soon afterwards notorious as the Prince of Wales's Perdita, and to be remembered hereafter, though a poor poetess, as having, perhaps, a finer feeling of metre, and more command of it than any of her contemporaries. The other is, that my mother, who had a good ear for music, was taught by her father to whistle; and he succeeded in making her such a proficient in this unusual accomplishment, that it was his delight to place her upon his knee, and make her entertain his visitors with a display. This art she never lost, and she could whistle a song-tune as sweetly as a skillful player could have performed it upon the flute.

The poet was born on the 12th of August, 1774.

Of his childhood he has gathered some amusing recollections. Thus of himself he says,

I was inoculated at Bath at two years old, and most certainly believe that I have a distinct recollection of it as an insulated fact, and the precise place where it was performed. My mother sometimes fancied that my constitution received permanent injury from the long preparatory lowering regimen upon which I was kept. Before that time, she used to say, I had always been plump and fat, but afterwards became the lean, lank, greyhound-like creature that I have ever since continued.

He was accustomed to pay long visits to his aunt, Miss TYLER, who was acquainted with the manager and principal performers at the Bristol Theatre, then one of the best conducted establishments of the kind in the kingdom. This introduction early infused a love for the drama which remained with him through life. Miss TYLER was herself a remarkable personage, and he has preserved an extremely graphic portrait of her.

MY AUNT TYLER.

When she went out, Miss Tyler's appearance and manners were those of a woman who had been bred in

the best society, and was equal to it; but if any stranger or visitor had caught her in her ordinary apparel, she would have been as much confused as Diana when Actæon came upon her bathing place, and almost with as much reason, for she was always in a bed-gown and in rags. Most people, I suspect, have a weakness for old shoes; ease and comfort and one's own fireside are connected with them; in fact, we never feel any regard for shoes till they attain to the privileges of age, and then they become almost as much a part of the wearer as his corns. This sort of feeling my aunt extended to old clothes of every kind; the older and the raggeder they grew, the more unwilling she was to cast them off. But she was scrupulously clean in them; indeed, the principle upon which her whole household economy was directed was that of keeping the house clean, and taking more precautions against dust than would have been needful against the plague in an infected city. . . . That the better rooms might be kept clean, she took possession of the kitchen, sending the servants to one which was underground; and in this little, dark, confined place, with a rough stone floor, and a skylight (for it must not be supposed that it was a best kitchen, which was always, as it was intended to be, a comfortable sitting-room; this was more like a scullery), we always took our meals, and generally lived. The best room was never opened but for company; except now and then on a fine day to be aired and dusted, if dust could be detected there. In the other parlour, I was allowed sometimes to read, and she wrote her letters, for she had many correspondents; and we sat there sometimes in summer, when a fire was not needed, for fire produced ashes, and ashes occasioned dust, and dust, visible or invisible, was the plague of her life. I have seen her order the tea-kettle to be emptied and refilled, because some one had passed across the hearth while it was on the fire preparing for her breakfast. She had indulged these humours till she had for herself notions of uncleanness almost as irrational and inconvenient as those of the Hindoos. She had a cup once buried for six weeks, to purify it from the lips of one whom she accounted unclean; all who were not her favourites were included in that class. A chair in which an unclean person had sat was put out in the garden to be aired; and I never saw her more annoyed than on one occasion when a man, who called upon business, seated himself in her own chair: how the cushion was ever again to be rendered fit for her use, she knew not! On such occasions, her fine features assumed a character either fierce or tragic; her expressions were vehement even to irreverence; and her gesticulations those of the deepest and wildest distress,—hands and eyes uplifted, as if she was in hopeless misery, or in a paroxysm of mental anguish.

And this was

MY AUNT'S HOUSE.

The house was in Walcot parish, in which, five-and-forty years ago, were the skirts of the city. It stood alone, in a walled garden, and the entrance was from a lane. . . . The house had been quite in the country when it was built. One of its fronts looked into the garden, the other into a lower garden, and over other garden grounds to the river, Bath Wick Fields (which are now covered with streets), and Claverton Hill, with a grove of firs along its brow, and a sham castle in the midst of their long dark line. I have not a stronger desire to see the Pyramids, than I had to visit that sham castle during the first years of my life. There was a sort of rural freshness about the place. The dead wall of a dwelling-house (the front of which was in Walcot-street) formed one side of the garden enclosure, and was covered with fine fruit trees: the way from the garden door to the house was between that long house-wall and a row of espaliers, behind which was a grass plat, interspersed with standard trees and flower beds, and having one of those green rotatory garden-seats shaped like a tub, where the contemplative person within may, like Diogenes, be as much in the sun as he likes. There was a descent by a few steps to another garden, which was chiefly filled with fragrant herbs, and with a long bed of lilies of the valley. . . . The parlour door also opened into the garden; it was bordered with jessamine, and there I often took my seat upon the stone steps. My aunt, who had an unlucky taste for such things, fitted up the house at a much greater expense than she was well able to afford. She threw

two small rooms into one, and thus made a good parlour, and built a drawing-room over the kitchen. The walls of that drawing-room were covered with a plain green paper, the floor with a Turkey carpet: there hung her own portrait by Gainsborough, with a curtain to preserve the frame from flies and the colours from the sun; and there stood one of the most beautiful pieces of old furniture I ever saw,—a cabinet of ivory, ebony, and tortoise-shell, in an ebony frame. It had been left her by a lady of the Spenser family, and was said to have belonged to the great Marlborough. I may mention as part of the parlour furniture a square screen with a foot-board and a little shelf, because I have always had one of the same fashion myself, for its convenience; a French writing-table, because of its peculiar shape, which was that of a Cajon nut or a kidney,—the writer sat in the concave, and had a drawer on each side; an arm chair made of fine cherry wood, which had been Mr. Bradford's, and in which she always sat,—mentionable, because if any visitor, who was not in her especial favour, sat therein, the leathern cushion was always sent into the garden to be aired and purified before she would use it again; a mezzotint print of Pope's 'Eloisa,' in an oval black frame, because of its supposed likeness to herself; two prints in the same kind of engraving from pictures by Angelica Kauffman, one of 'Hector and Andromache,' the other of 'Telemachus at the Court of Menelaus,' these I notice because they were in frames of Brazilian wood; and the great print of Pombal o grande Marquez, in a similar frame, because this was the first portrait of any illustrious man with which I became familiar. The establishment consisted of an old man servant, and a maid, both from Shobdon. The old man used every night to feed the crickets.

It was under such auspices that the first inspiration seized him, and he attempted *verses*; and this was his Apollo:

I can trace with certainty the rise and direction of my poetical pursuits. They grew out of my aunt's intimacy with Miss —. Her father had acquired a considerable property as a wax and tallow-chandler at Bath, and vested great part of it in a very curious manner for an illiterate tradesman. He had a passion for the stage, which he indulged by speculating in theatres; one he built at Birmingham, one at Bristol, and one at Bath. Poor man, he outlived his reasonable faculties, and was, when I knew him, a pitiable spectacle of human weakness and decay, hideously ugly, his nose grown out in knobs and bulbs, like an underground artichoke, his fingers crooked and knotted with the gout, filthy, irascible, helpless as an infant, and feebler than one in mind.

As a companion portrait we must give that of another notable personage.

MY UNCLE WILLIAM.

William Tyler, the second brother, was a remarkable person. Owing to some defect in his faculties, so anomalous in its kind that I never heard of a similar case, he could never be taught to read; the letters he could tell separately, but was utterly incapable of combining them, and taking in their meaning by the eye. He could write, and copy in a fair hand anything that was set before him, whether in writing or in print; but it was done letter by letter, without understanding a single word. As to self-government he was entirely incompetent, so much so that I think he could hardly be considered responsible as a moral being for his actions; yet he had an excellent memory, an observing eye, and a sort of half-saved shrewdness which would have qualified him, had he been born two centuries earlier, to have worn motley, and figured with a cap and bells and a bauble in some baron's hall. Never did I meet with any man so stored with old saws and anecdotes gathered up in the narrow sphere wherein he moved. I still remember many of them, though he has been dead more than thirty years. The motto to Kehama, as the Greek reference, when the abbreviations are rightly understood, may show, is one of my uncle William's sayings. When it was found impossible to make anything of him by education, he was left to himself, and passed more time in the kitchen than in the parlour, because he stood in fear of his step-father. There he learnt to chew tobacco and to drink.

Strange creature as he was, I think of him very often, often speak of him, quote some of his odd apt sayings, and have that sort of feeling for his memory, that he

is one of those persons whom I should wish to meet in the world to come.

The last days of this worthy humourist are thus described :

For one or two years he walked into the heart of the city every Wednesday and Saturday to be shaved, and to purchase his tobacco; he went, also, sometimes to the theatre, which he enjoyed highly. On no other occasion did he ever leave the house; and, as inaction, aided, no doubt, by the inordinate use of tobacco, and the quantity of small beer with which he swilled his inside, brought on a premature old age, even this exercise was left off. As soon as he rose, and had taken his first pint of beer, which was his only breakfast, to the summer-house he went, and took his station in the bow-window as regularly as a sentinel in a watch-box. Here it was his whole and sole employment to look at the few people who passed, and to watch the neighbours, with all whose concerns at last he became perfectly intimate, by what he could thus oversee and overhear. He had a nickname for every one of them. In the evening, my aunt and I generally played at five-card loo with him, in which he took an intense interest; and if, in the middle of the day, when I came home to dinner, he could get me to play at marbles in the summer-house, he was delighted. The points to which he looked on in the week were the two mornings when Joseph came to shave him; this poor journeyman barber felt a sort of compassionate regard for him, and he had an insatiable appetite for such news as the barber could communicate. Thus his days passed in wearisome uniformity. He had no other amusement, unless in listening to hear a comedy read; he had not, in himself, a single resource for whiling away the time, not even that which smoking might have afforded him; and being thus utterly without an object for the present or the future, his thoughts were perpetually recurring to the past. His affections were strong and lasting. Indeed, at his mother's funeral his emotions were such as to affect all who witnessed them. That grief he felt to the day of his death. I have also seen tears in his eyes when he spoke of my sisters, Eliza and Louisa, both having died just at that age when he had most delight in fondling them, and they were most willing to be fondled. Whether it might have been possible to have awakened him to any devotional feelings may be doubted; but he believed and trusted simply and implicitly, and more assuredly, would not be required from one to whom so little had been given. He lived about four years after this removal. His brother Edward died a year before him, of pulmonary consumption. This event affected him deeply. He attended the funeral, described the condition of the coffins in the family vault in a manner which I well remember, and said that his turn would be next. One day, on my return from school at the dinner-hour, going into the summer-house, I found him sitting in the middle of the room and looking wildly; he told me he had been very ill, that he had had a seizure in the head, such as he had never felt before, and that he was certain something very serious ailed him. I gave the alarm; but it passed over; neither he himself, nor any person in the house, knew what such a seizure indicated. The next morning he arose as usual, walked down stairs into the kitchen, and as he was buttoning the knees of his breeches, exclaimed, "Lord have mercy upon me!" and fell from the chair. His nose was bleeding when he was taken up. Immediate assistance was procured, but he was dead before it arrived.

Another of the groups which he has taken such pains to preserve was

OLD THOMAS.

The man of whom he learnt the use, or rather the abuse, of tobacco, was a sottish servant, as ignorant as a savage of everything which he ought to have known; that is to say of everything which ought to have been taught him. My mother, when a very little girl, reproved him once for swearing. "For shame, Thomas," she said, "you should not say such naughty words!" for shame! say your prayers, Thomas!" "No, Missey," said the poor wretch, "I shan't; I shan't say my prayers. I never said my prayers in all my life, Missey; and I shan't begin now." My uncle William (the Squire he was called in the family) provoked him dangerously

once. He was dozing beside the fire, with his hat on, which, as is still the custom among the peasantry (here in Cumberland at least) he always wore in the house. You, perhaps, are not enough acquainted with the mode of chewing tobacco, to know that in vulgar life a quid commonly goes through two editions; and that after it has been done with, it is taken out of the mouth, and reserved for a second regale. My uncle William, who had learnt the whole process from Thomas, and always faithfully observed it, used to call it, in its intermediate state, an old soldier. A sailor deposits, or, if there be such a word (and if there is not, there ought to be) reposit it in his tobacco-box. I have heard my brother Tom say, that this practice occasioned a great dislike in the navy to the one and two-pound notes; for when the men were paid in paper, the tobacco-box served them for purse or pocket-book in lack of anything better, and notes were often rendered illegible by the deep stain of a wet quid. Thomas's place for an old soldier between two campaigns, while he was napping and enjoying the narcotic effects of the first mastication, was the brim of his hat; from whence the Squire on this occasion stole the veteran quid, and substituted in its place a dead mouse just taken from the trap. Presently the sleeper, half-wakening without unclosing his eyes, and half-stupified, put up his hand, and, taking the mouse with a finger and thumb, in which the discriminating sense of touch had been blunted by coarse work and unclean habits, opened his mouth to receive it, and with a slow sleepy tongue, endeavoured to accommodate it to its usual station, between the double teeth and the cheek. Happening to put it in headforemost, the hind legs and the tail hung out, and a minute or more was spent in vain endeavours to lick these appendages in, before he perceived, in the substance, consistence, and taste, something altogether unlike tobacco. Roused at the same time by a laugh which could no longer be suppressed, and discovering the trick which had been played, he started up in a furious rage, and, seizing the poker, would have demolished the Squire for his practical jest, if he had not provided a retreat by having the door open, and taking shelter where Thomas could not, or dared not, follow him.

We shall return to this delightful volume probably more than once. And then there are five more to come! Think, reader, what a treat is in store for you!

Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain, with Biographical and Historical Memoirs of their Lives and Actions. By EDMUND LODGE, Esq., F.S.A. In 8 vols. Vol 1. London: Bohn.

MR. BOHN'S enterprise grows with success, but his last promises to be the most successful of all, as it is certainly the boldest. He has now undertaken to furnish the drawing table and library of every respectable family in the United Kingdom with a series of illustrated works, not only as cheaply as his other libraries, but far more so, because so much more costly. This extraordinary undertaking he calls *The Illustrated Library*, the first volume of which now lies before us, and it is a miracle of bookselling. In size, typography, and binding, similar to the companion series, it contains no less than thirty portraits, exquisitely engraved on steel, of the royal and illustrious personages of Great Britain. The work of which it is a reprint is of course known to all our readers, *Lodge's Portrait Gallery*, published at almost as many guineas as this edition will cost of shillings, and now not to be procured but at a formidable price, second-hand. It forms the most complete series this country possesses of authentic portraits of its great personages, and the biography appended to each, although necessarily brief, is carefully compiled. In this first volume, beginning with ELIZABETH OF YORK, the Queen of HENRY THE SEVENTH, the gallery extends to Cardinal POLE in 1557; all the portraits being copies of paintings by HOLBEIN, TITIAN, FLICK, and SIR A. MORE. As a work of art, this volume is well worth ten times its cost. It is a study at once of costume, of character, of painting, and of history.

PHILOSOPHY.

A Lecture on the Nature of Law, delivered before the Chrestomathian Society of St. John's College, New York. By Rev. J. W. CUMMINGS, D.D. of St. Patrick's Cathedral, N. Y. Tribune Printing Office. (a)

THERE is a sentence of LYELL's book of travels against which this address would protest. It is this—"It ought to serve as a warning, and afford serious matter of reflection to the republicans of America, that a church which requires the prostration of the intellect in matters of faith and discipline, and which is most ambitious of worldly power, is also of all others the most willing to co-operate with the ultra-democratic party. Are the priests conscious of having embarked in a common cause with the demagogue, and that they must, like him, derive their influence from courting the passions, prejudices, and ignorance of the people?" Whatever ground there has been for the expression of this opinion, we have here a Romanist clergyman, before a society of a Jesuit College, denouncing demagoguism, and asserting that authority of law which is at times so unpalatable to the passions, &c., of the people.

The orator considered law, ethically, as a principle of eternal obligation, with its seat, in the sublime words of Hooker, "in the bosom of God." As a corollary, he urged that "no man is free before the law, for no man is free to be just or unjust, moral or immoral, as he pleases. Moreover it follows, from what we have seen, that the power of the law is whole and entire, irrespective of the will of its subjects. If the law is just its subjects are bound to obey it, and are not free to vote it down, or put it away for another. He who has power to promulgate a law has the power to modify, or even revoke it; but this power is invested in him, in consequence of his official character as God's representative, and not because the public voice or opinion may approve of his doing so." Before this principle all exclusive theories of utility and majorities crumble to the dust. Sir CHARLES should read this denunciation of a majority *per se* from the divine of St. Patrick's:—

As to the voice of the majority, as a guarantee that all will go right and no one have reason to complain, there is a contradiction in terms. The existence of a majority implies the existence of a dissentient minority. Even as an interpreter of law, the majority is an un-commissioned authority, but if it is to be the framer of the law, the source of the principle of obligation, gracious heavens! what a tyrannical and rabid task-master the reflecting few will become subjected to, when that many headed monster, the mob, is crowned as sovereign—not only—but as God! Modern Republicans recognize in the yell of the mob the voice of their God; the ancient Romans proverbially hailed that divinity as a "dangerous beast." "*Vulgus mala bestia est.*"

But for the philosopher nothing is more absurd than to place the legislative power in the power of tumultuary numbers. Why should the intelligent minority bend to the decision of a majority carried away by the fury of its passions, led perhaps by the nose in the wrong direction by a windy demagogue? Who is to decide between them? Is the majority infallible authority? Where is the advantage of appealing to this tribunal, which would render lynch law the normal rule of society; give us a thousand tyrants to deliver us from one, and substitute for the tribunals of the land, the oracles of all popular leaders who flourished from Robespierre and Marat to Prudhon and Ledru Rollin, from Cataline to Mazzini, from Wat Tyler and Guy Faux to Mike Waish and Captain Rynders.

(a) For this notice of a new American book, we are indebted to the Editor of the *New York Literary World*.

We believe the experience of the world has been of late sufficiently freshened on the point of the utter inability of the people to make laws, for the very simple reason that they are already ordained. The moral laws of the world, the guiding restraints of human nature, are as immutable in their conditions as the physical. Until man is able to walk on his head or water to run up hill, gravitation to ascend, or we see any other as striking reversal of the operations of nature, it is not worth while for us to attempt the overthrow of those higher relations, to contend with which is to sacrifice the best interests of the individual, and of society.

On this head our orator will valiantly chop logic with all comers:—

We must examine briefly the second term of the proposition, "Every people has a right to make its own laws." What is the meaning of the word law? It means either the law itself or the form of the law. If it means the form it is conceded, or not. If it means the law itself, then the legislating power of the people will be guided by some superior reason, or will not be so guided. If it will be so guided then the people are not supreme, and the modern theory of their right to legislate falls to the ground. If it will not be so guided, then it must offer guarantees of a wisdom that will not deceive nor be deceived; a goodness that will not prevaricate, a justice that will be able to carry out the law to its fullest extent without tripping. In other words, the people must prove their infallibility, their infinite wisdom, goodness, and power.

This argument is so legitimate that we behold modern politicians admitting its force by the various grounds of defence they take. One portion of them logically and consistently asserts the Divinity of the People, and of Popular Passion. Such require to be pressed by the stringency of a strait-jacket rather than by the cogency of an argument.

Another defective feature of all these systems is, that they cannot establish a *principle of obligation*. Between what governs and what is governed there is no third idea, no point of comparison. The will of the people commands, and the will of the people obeys. But if the will of the people refuses to obey, who then is to enforce obedience? The will of the people? Nonsense! A superior power? It is rejected.

But suppose an unjust form of Government, what then? An unjust form of government must mean either a government that has no right to command, or a government that has the right to command, but abuses it. Where there is no right to command there can be no duty to obey. There is then a right to resist. The use of this right, like every other human action, public or private, will be allowable or not allowable, just or unjust, prudent or imprudent, in view of who uses it, where, when, why, and how it is used. The other alternative of a just and legitimate government with abuses will justify nothing but the correction of the abuses in question, by the proper authority, and by proper means. If the question is asked, which are the proper authority and the proper means, I will merely answer, *not a popular insurrection destructive of the constitution, or form of government*. This is all that my argument proves or requires.

As to the case where no form of government at all exists, we have considered it already; it is an extreme case to be solved by the principles of the laws of nature and of God, the traditions of the nation, and the necessities of the case itself.

The result of the foregoing argument is briefly this, that the right of self-government, explained by the proposition, "every people has a right to make its own laws," though it may be qualified in a reasonable manner, when taken in the Modern, Popular, Progressive, Socialist, Radical, Red, and Roman republican sense, asserts the right of the people, or rather the mob, to take the law in its own hands. It is therefore absurd, anti-social, anti-Christian, impious, and destructive of the existence of all law and all reason. It substitutes the Bowery boy for the judge, paving stones and tar and feathers for law and logic, and ends finally by intro-

ducing into civilized society a glorious millenium of lynchism. Talk of popular freedom and right, if you will. But let the fundamental principle be, not the right of self-government, but THE RIGHT OF JUST GOVERNMENT! explained by the proposition, "EVERY PEOPLE HAS A RIGHT TO BE GOVERNED BY JUST LAWS." This is all that the people need, all that is good for them, all that is required to carry out the true end of all human law, the greatest good of the greatest number.

We have something, too, on a much abused word,—Liberty:—

Liberty, the exercise of the free will of man, is a gift of God, but like other gifts it may be abused. Liberty is not the lens through which all things human and divine must be scrutinized, and their proper dimensions determined. Liberty is not a word the single utterance of which can turn iron into gold, vice into virtue, wrong into right. Liberty has its rules and its bounds, its depth, its breadth, and length, like other contingencies. Men may call the night day, and black white, and round square, if they see fit, but that does not alter the nature of things, nor manipulate error into truth. The fact that the Pagans called the Devil, God, did not make the guilty Archangel less detestable than he was, nor does the fact that people in our days designate rebellion, civil war, and the uprooting of society—Liberty—alter the nature of those appalling calamities and heinous crimes.

The following separates the American Constitution from the precedents in behalf of ultra radicalism:—

There never was a time when we were deprived totally of persons invested with the power of governing our country—we never were in a state of anarchy. Nor can it be argued that because the people elect their magistrates they are the *ultimate* source of magisterial power. I know that it is customary to speak of the sovereign people. It would be more philosophical, however, to call the constitution the sovereign. Every officer in the American Republic, when once duly appointed, holds under, and is responsible to the Constitution as long as he does his duty. As a consequence of this every officer, in his sphere, is *sovereign*, from the President at Washington down to the policeman who stands on the sidewalk to protect us when we are snugly ensconced in our beds. Provision is made to correct and put straight each officer if he becomes unfaithful to the trust reposed in him. Even the Supreme Magistrate may be impeached, and removed, in an extreme case. The American people are ruled by any one who speaks to them in the name of the established laws of the country. The laws are based upon the Constitution, and the Constitution is based upon the authority of Almighty God. It is He also that makes it binding upon us to obey the constituted authorities, except in the case where they were to command something contrary to his own law.

We have thus given the leading points of Dr. CUMMINGS' discourse in his own words, as well for the sake of the vigor with which he utters his sentiments, as for the offset to the remark of Mr. LYELL. Conservatism is the natural state of the Roman Catholic Church, as generally of all religious systems, and though we find a certain uneasiness of position indicated by the occasional language of the address, which sometimes descends to scolding, its argument is of value in these disorganizing times. The authority is old, but unfortunately the errors which it combats are ever new. When sin is out of fashion, we may complain of the antiquity of precept.

The Utica Asylum Souvenir. Utica, N. Y.: Printed at the Asylum. (a)

A LITTLE book characteristic of the good sense and warm philanthropic activity of Dr. BRIGHAM, the guardian of the State Lunatic Asylum at Utica, by whom it is dedicated,—“To all

(a) For this notice of a new American book we are indebted to the editor of the *New York Literary World*.

those who are, or have been, in my charge as patients, by their friend.” The design is to offer those suggestions of good counsel which may be useful to the preservation of health, the avoidance of irregularities of body and perturbations of mind, the security of the “*mens sana in corpore sano*,” which the Roman satirist tells us is first of all to be prayed for. For this purpose a collection of maxims is brought together, Dr. BRIGHAM wisely judging these “nails, fastened by the masters of assemblies,” to be the most profitable form of discourse in the premises. The selection is made with taste and judgment. What is a true consolation to the lover of his race, in this glance at the most painful of sufferings, is the simplicity of the means of its prevention, and the re-establishment of health. The processes are within the reach of all—“the patient ministering to himself.” A simple diet, pure air and exercise, a cheerful cultivation of the affections, are within the reach of almost every one.

As the question of madness is for the most part in the world one of degree, all species of folly and error partaking more or less of insanity, we think maxims like these may be read with general profit:

Common sense and common prudence are better guides as to diet than any positive rules.

A morose unhappy disposition predisposes to indigestion and disease. Cultivate cheerful and hopeful feelings to insure good digestion and health.

The safe and general antidote against sorrow is employment.

“I tell you honestly,” said the celebrated Abernethy, “what I think is the cause of the complicated maladies of the human race; it is the gormandizing, and stuffing, and stimulating their organs (the digestive) to an excess, thereby producing nervous disorders and irritations. The state of their minds is another grand cause; the fidgeting and discontenting yourselves about what cannot be helped; passions of all kinds—malignant passions pressing upon the mind, disturb the cerebral action, and do much harm.”

Argument, as usually managed, is the worst of conversation; as it is generally in books the worst sort of reading.

Let not your field or your mind lie fallow too long; they will produce a crop of weeds; and weeds are much readier to take root than to leave it.

Naught shall prevail against me, or disturb
My cheerful faith, that all which I behold
Is full of blessings.—WORDSWORTH.

“Prayer,” says Sir T. Brown, “is the only dormitive I take to bedward, and I need no other laudanum than this to make me sleep; after which I close mine eyes in security, content to take my leave of the sun, and sleep unto the resurrection.”

What a poor value do men set on Heaven!
Heaven, the perfection of all that can
Be said or thought, riches, delight, or harmony,
Health, beauty; and these not subject to
The waste of time; but in their height eternal;
Lost for a pension, or poor spot of earth,
Favour or greatness, or an hour's faint pleasure;
As men, in scorn of a true flame that's near,
Should run to light their taper at a glow-worm.

SHIRLEY.

JEFFERSON'S TEN GOOD RULES.

- I. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
- II. Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.
- III. Never spend your money before you have it.
- IV. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
- V. Pride costs us more than thirst, hunger, or cold.
- VI. We never repent of having eaten too little.
- VII. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
- VIII. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry one hundred.
- IX. Take things always by the smoothest handle.
- X. In all cases when you cannot do as you would, do the best you can.

As the bell is, so it dingeth
As the singer, so he singeth.

As the spawn is, so the fish,
As the cook, so is the dish,
As the cobbler, the shoe will look,
As the writer, so the book.
As the leech, so is the salve,
As the cow, so is the calf.
As the soil is, so the crop,
As the dancer, so the top.
As the tree is, so the pear,
As the ma'am the maidens are.
As the soldier, so the battle,
As the herdsman, so the cattle.
As the lord, the servants be,
As the parent, the progeny.

SANCTA CLARA.

The following lines are printed anonymously. They are from the pen of Horace Smith, who has added so many graceful contributions to the literature of the day, and of whose death, at Tunbridge Wells, the last steamer from England has just brought us the intelligence. He was one of a noble band of authors who have adorned the first half of the nineteenth century, nearly all of whom have now departed:—

MORAL COSMETICS.

Ye who would save your features florid,
Lithe limbs, bright eyes, unwrinkled forehead
From age's devastation horrid,

Adopt this plan:—

'Twill make, in climate cold or torrid,
A hale old man.

Avoid in youth luxurious diet,
Restrain the passions' lawless riot,
Devoted to domestic quiet,

Be wisely gay;

So shall ye, spite of age's fiat,
Resist decay.

Seek not in Mammon's worship pleasure,
But find your richest, dearest treasure;
In books, friends, music, polished leisure;

The mind, not sense,

Make the sole scale by which ye measure
Your opulence.

This is the solace, this the science,
Life's purest, sweetest, best appliance,
That disappoints not man's reliance,

Whatever his state;

But challenges, with calm defiance,
Time, fortune, fate.

A few special precepts are worth separating from the rest, as they cover a particular sanitary injunction of Dr. BRIGHAM, which he has before enforced in an annual report of the Institution over which he presides—the value in the care of health, and particularly as a tonic against mental diseases, of a sufficiency of good sound sleep. He recurs to this point frequently. "Blessings," said SANCHE, "on the man who invented sleep, it covers a man all over like a garment:—"

We wish we could impress upon all, the vast importance of securing sound and abundant sleep; if so, we should feel that we had done an immense good to our fellow beings, not merely in preventing insanity, but other diseases also.

We fear that the great praise of early rising has had this bad effect, to make some believe that sleep is but of little consequence. Though it may be well to arise with the sun, or when it is light (not before, however), yet this is of minor consequence in comparison with retiring early to bed.

"I have always taken care," said the worthy Dr. Holyoake, after he was above 100 years of age, "to have a full proportion of sleep, which I suppose has contributed to my longevity."

In our opinion the most frequent and immediate cause of insanity, and the one most important to guard against, is the want of sleep.

To procure good sleep, it is important that the mind should not be disturbed for several hours before retiring to rest.

Drummond thus extols sleep:—

Sleep, Silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings.
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds which are oppressed;
Lo, by thy charming rod all breathing things
Lie slumbering, with forgetfulness possess.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

English History for Children. By the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A. 3rd Edition. London: Masters.

WITH the great merit of composition peculiarly suited to the understandings of children, and a pictorial style which is sure to attract their attention and paint upon their memories in indelible hues the events narrated, this history has a serious defect which we cannot avoid noticing. Written by a clergyman, it would be expected to teach the purest Christianity. But it does not; on the contrary, an anti-Christian spirit pervades it. War is approved often, and never denounced as a crime; warriors are spoken of with applause, and not with loathing, as beings who, however necessary, are necessary evils. The spirit of charity, that not merely calls all men brothers but thinks of them and treats of them as such, is wanting here. Thus, at the first page we open in the reign of RICHARD the First, we find this sentence: "He (RICHARD) was one of the bravest knights and strongest men of his time, and he justly thought that there was far more glory in fighting with the infidels than in shedding the blood of Christians." What a horrible doctrine is here indirectly instilled into young minds—that it is glorious to kill infidels! And this, too, by a Christian clergyman! A real Christian would have expressed himself somewhat thus: "He was one of the bravest knights and strongest men of his time, but although called a Christian, he knew so little of the law of Christ that he thought he was obtaining glory by killing his fellow men because they were not of the same opinion as himself."

Nor is the following from the last chapter quite the tone for a school book. "The Whig Ministry proceeded to rob the Church by suppressing a great number of Irish Bishops." This was at least the act of King, Lords, and Commons, and to call it by such a name is to infuse into the young mind a dangerous feeling of contempt for a monarchical government. It is, in fact, to teach the extreme of radicalism.

History and Etymology of the English Language, for the use of Classical Schools. By A. G. LATHAM, M.D. London: Taylor and Walton.

It is a hopeful sign, that anybody should have thought it worth his while to write anything for the instruction of the scholars of classical schools in the English language, or in anything else that is useful in after-life. May we hope that these institutions, thus invaded by the genius of common-sense, and by help of Dr. LATHAM, will not again turn out so many grown-up boys accomplished in Greek and Latin, and ignorant of their own language and everything that is wanted in the world's affairs. Dr. LATHAM's little book differs from aught of its kind we have ever seen. It details, in the most familiar and intelligible manner, so that even a child may learn it, the history of the English language without a knowledge of which, its etymology cannot be understood, and without the etymology it is difficult to write or speak correctly. It is a very valuable addition to the School and College Library.

The Illustrated Atlas and Modern History of the World. Edited by R. MONTGOMERY MARTIN, Esq. Parts 12 to 15. London: Tallis & Co.

THESE new parts of an Atlas which we have several times, in the course of its appearance in parts, introduced to our readers as being peculiarly adapted for schools, contains Maps of England and Wales; Scotland; Holland; Europe; United States; Turkey in Asia; Syria and Asia. These maps present the useful novelty of giving, in the margin of each, engravings of the costumes, natural history, and remarkable physical phenomena of the country depicted, thus teaching by the eye a great deal more than could be learned from any description in words.

The Education of the Feelings. By CHARLES BRAY. Second edition. London: Longman and Co.

MR. BRAY bases his teachings upon Phenology, and he shows how every passion, sentiment, and intellectual faculty should be educated, so as to produce the most perfect character, which is, of course, formed by the combination of the whole. We have seldom seen a

volume which contains so much practical good sense in so few pages. It should be placed in the hands of all young persons, and there are few of us, seniors, who would not profit by its suggestions. We are glad to see that its worth is appreciated, and that a second edition has been called for so soon.

History of Great Britain and Ireland. By HENRY WHITE. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1849.

BESIDES a succinct and pleasantly-written history of our country from the earliest records to the present time, adapted for juvenile readers, this volume contains an account of the present state and resources of the United Kingdom and its Colonies. Exercises in the form of questions are appended to each chapter, which we presume the reader is to answer in writing from his memory, so as to try his knowledge of what he has read.

Harry and Archie. London: Masters.

A RELIGIOUS tale for youth very sweetly written and interesting; but perhaps with a quiet insinuation of Puseyism, which some persons may object to, although others will approve. Lest any should be deceived, we state the fact.

FICTION.

Shirley. A Tale. By CURRER BELL, author of "Jane Eyre." In 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1849.

AND who is CURRER BELL? The question is asked again and again in every literary coterie in London, at every tea-table in the country. Who are the three BELLS, who together published the volume of poems, by which the name was first introduced to the public? Are they three or one? Can the unromantic name of BELL be an assumed one? Each of the three BELLS has adventured a novel, having a family resemblance, but not like the offspring of the same parent. Were the three novels really written by three different BELLS, or is one BELL the author of all? Can this literary prodigy be a modern Cerberus, "three gentlemen in one," as Mrs. MALAPROP has it? If they be three distinct individualisms, how comes it that three have contrived to keep their secret so well? Is it possible that such a family could exist anywhere in England without so remarkable a constellation of genius being famous in their locality, at least? But if there be not three, but one only, why are the works that issue under the name of CURRER BELL, so superior to those that have been put forth under the names of the two other BELLS? Then there is another mystification. What is CURRER BELL, the author of *Jane Eyre*? Is it the name of man or woman? There was much in the story and treatment of *Jane Eyre* to lead to the conclusion that CURRER is of the masculine gender, and there is much in *Shirley* too, that gives the same impression. But in *Shirley* there is a great deal more of evidence on the other side, so much, indeed, that we have come to the conclusion, spite of the numerous and weighty proofs to the contrary, that CURRER BELL is a lady. The female heart is here anatomized with a minuteness of knowledge of its most delicate fibres, which could only be obtained by one who had her own heart under inspection. The emotions so wondrously described were never imagined: they must have been felt.

Shirley is not so interesting a novel as was *Jane Eyre*, that is to say, viewed as a novel or story. But it is very superior to it in every other respect. The authoress has bestowed wonderful pains upon its composition, and she has been rewarded accordingly. It has been

slowly written, carefully digested, touched and retouched, reviewed and revised, corrected in manuscript and in proof, and in this respect it is a pattern to our modern novelists, who give their scribbles to the press with all their imperfections, as they flow from their gold pen, scarcely troubling themselves to amend defects in grammar or remedy tautologies. **CURRER BELL** has written with a lofty consciousness of the duty of her vocation, which is, to do well what one undertakes to do. In writing for periodicals, where time is limited, and whatever the interruptions or the inclinations, the prescribed pages must be filled by a prescribed day, inaccuracies of composition may and must be excused, for they are unavoidable. But a writer of a book, who may choose his own time for publication, is bound by his duty to himself, and out of respect to his readers, to perfect and polish whatever he offers to their regards, so as to present it in the most pleasing form. This is the first merit which must strike every reader of *Shirley*, and it is the more obvious from its rarity.

But it has far higher claims than these. It is a masterly delineation of character, wrought with unrivalled skill, not produced by bold outlines and striking effects, but laboriously constructed of a thousand delicate traits, thrown out one by one until the entire figure is before us, mind and all, instinct with life, and impressing itself upon the memory as something real and tangible, as acquaintances who have played a part with us in the drama of life. **LOUIS MOORE**, the hero, short as is our intercourse with him, will never be forgotten. *Shirley* herself is, if an uncommon, yet a natural, personage, or at least, so truthfully described, with such perfect unity of conception, that we are conscious that if such a character had been, she would have said and done as *Shirley* is made to say and do. The **REV. MATHEWSON HELSTONE**, rector of Briarfield, the man with a head but without a heart, is perfect throughout, even to the one touch of feeling that darts upon him for a moment by the bedside of **CAROLINE**.

In almost every page of *Shirley*, there are scattered also brilliant flashes of poetry and the utterances of a reflective mind, which almost assume the shape of aphorisms. These are so unlike the usual writings of a lady, they are so comprehensive in their views, so terse in their expression, that, but for other evidence to the contrary, we should have received them as conclusive testimony to the masculine gender of **CURRER BELL**.

Shirley will be read by everybody, and therefore we are not going to mar the pleasure of a single reader by giving the very slightest insight into the plot. We will cite only, in illustration of some of our remarks, such passages as are beautiful in themselves, and throw no light upon the story, and we cannot do better than take for the first this exquisite picture of the heroine:

SHIRLEY.

Shirley is all right. If her wistful cast of physiognomy is not gone, no more is her careless smile. She keeps her dark old manor-house light and bright with her cheery presence: the gallery, and the low-ceiled chambers that open into it, have learned lively echoes from her voice: the dim entrance-hall, with its one window, has grown pleasantly accustomed to the frequent rustle of a silk dress, as its wearer sweeps across from room to room, now carrying flowers to the barbarous peach-bloom salon, now entering the dining-room to open its casements and let in the scent of mignonette and sweetbriar, anon bringing plants from the staircase window to place in the sun at the open porch-door.

She takes her sewing occasionally; but, by some fatality, she is doomed never to sit steadily at it for above five minutes at a time: her thimble is scarcely fitted on, her needle scarce threaded when a sudden thought calls her up stairs: perhaps she goes to seek some just-then-remembered old ivory-backed needle-book, or older china-topped work-box, quite unneeded, but which seems at the moment indispensable; perhaps to arrange her hair, or a drawer which she recollects to have seen that morning in a state of curious confusion; perhaps only to take a peep from a particular window at a particular view, whence Briarfield Church and Rectory are visible, pleasantly bowered in trees. She has scarcely returned, and again taken up the slip of cambric, or square of half-wrought canvass, when Tartar's bold scrape and strangled whistle are heard at the porch-door, and she must run to open it for him: it is a hot day; he comes in panting; she must convey him to the kitchen, and see with her own eyes that his water-bowl is replenished. Through the open kitchen-door the court is visible, all sunny and gay, and peopled with turkeys and their poult, peahens and their chicks, pearl-flecked Guinea fowls, and a bright variety of pure white, and purple-necked, and blue and cinnamon-plumed pigeons. Irresistible spectacle to Shirley! She runs to the pantry for a roll, and she stands on the doorstep scattering crumbs: round her throng her eager, plump, happy, feathered vassals. John is about the stables, and John must be talked to, and her mare looked at. She is still petting and patting it, when the cows come in to be milked: this is important; Shirley must stay and take a review of them all. There are perhaps some little calves, some little new-year lambs—it may be twins, whose mothers have rejected them: Miss Keeldar must be introduced to them by John—must permit herself the treat of feeding them with her own hand, under the direction of her careful foreman. Meantime, John moots doubtful questions about the farming of certain "crofts," and "ings," and "holms," and his mistress is necessitated to fetch her garden-hat—a gipsy-straw—and accompany him, over style and along hedgerow, to hear the conclusion of the whole agricultural matter on the spot, and with the said "crofts," "ings," and "holms" under her eye. Bright afternoon thus wears into soft evening, and she comes home to a late tea, and after tea she never sews.

After tea Shirley reads, and she is just about as tenacious of her book as she is lax of her needle. Her study is the rug, her seat a footstool, or perhaps only the carpet at Mrs. Pryor's feet—there she always learned her lessons when a child, and old habits have a strong power over her. The tawny and lion-like bulk of Tartar is ever stretched beside her; his negro muzzle laid on his fore paws, straight, strong, and shapely as the limbs of an Alpine wolf. One hand of the mistress generally reposes on the loving serf's rude head, because if she takes it away he groans and is discontented. Shirley's mind is given to her book; she lifts not her eyes; she neither stirs nor speaks: unless, indeed, it be to return a brief respectful answer to Mrs. Pryor, who addresses deprecatory phrases to her now and then.

"My dear, you had better not have that great dog so near you: he is crushing the border of your dress."

"Oh, it is only muslin; I can put a clean one on to-morrow."

"My dear, I wish you could acquire the habit of sitting to a table when you read."

"I will try, ma'am, some time; but it is so comfortable to do as one has always been accustomed to do."

"My dear, let me beg of you to put that book down; you are trying your eyes by the doubtful fire-light."

"No, ma'am, not at all, my eyes are never tired."

At last, however, a pale light falls on the page from the window: she looks, the moon is up; she closes the volume, rises, and walks through the room. Her book has perhaps been a good one; it has refreshed, refilled, rewarmed her heart; it has set her brain astir, furnished her mind with pictures. The still parlour, the clean hearth, the window opening on the twilight sky, and showing its "sweet regent," new throned and glorious, suffice to make earth an Eden, life a poem, for Shirley. A still, deep, inborn delight glows in her young veins, unmingled—untroubled; not to be reached or ravished by human agency, because by no human agency bestowed: the pure gift of God to His creature, the free

dower of Nature to her child. This joy gives her experience of a genil-life. Buoyant, by green steps, by glad hills, all verdure and light, she reaches a station scarcely lower than that whence angels looked down on the dreamer of Beth-el, and her eye seeks, and her soul possesses, the vision of life as she wishes it. No—not as she wishes it: she has not time to wish: the swift glory spreads out, sweeping and kindling, and multiplies its splendours faster than Thought can effect his combinations, faster than Aspiration can utter her longings. Shirley says nothing while the trance is upon her—she is quite mute; but if Mrs. Pryor speaks to her now, she goes out quietly, and continues her walk up stairs in the dim gallery.

The writer of such a passage as this may fairly claim to take a place in the highest rank of novelists; we doubt, indeed, whether it could be rivalled by any living author. Let us now turn to a couple of sketches which exhibit **CURRER BELL**'s satirical powers:

GOODIES.

It ought, perhaps, to be explained in passing, for the benefit of those who are not "au fait" to the mysteries of the "Jew-basket" and "Missionary-basket," that these "meubles," are willow-repositories, of the capacity of a good-sized family clothes-basket dedicated to the purpose of conveying from house to house a monster collection of pin cushions, needle-books, card-racks, work-bags, articles of infant-wear, &c. &c. &c., made by the willing or reluctant hands of the Christian ladies of a parish, and sold per force to the heathenish gentlemen thereof, at prices unblushingly exorbitant. The proceeds of such compulsory sale are applied to the conversion of the Jews, the seeking up of the ten missing tribes, or to the regeneration of the interesting coloured population of the globe. Each lady-contributor takes it in her turn to keep the basket a month, to sew for it, and to foist off its contents on a shrinking male public. An exciting time it is when that turn comes round: some active-minded women, with a good trading spirit, like it, and enjoy exceedingly the fun of making hard-handed worsted-spinners cash up, to the tune of four or five hundred per cent. above cost price, for articles quite useless to them; other—feeble souls object to it, and would rather see the Prince of Darkness himself at their door any morning, than that phantom-basket, brought with "Mrs. Rouse's compliments, and please, ma'am, she says it's your turn now."

THE PROPER FAMILY.

The Sympons were church people: of course, the Rector's niece was received by them with courtesy. Mr. Sympon proved to be a man of spotless respectability, worrying temper, pious principles, and worldly views; his lady was a very good woman, patient, kind, well-bred. She had been brought up on a narrow system of views—starved on a few prejudices: a mere handful of bitter herbs; a few preferences, soaked till their natural flavour was extracted, and with no seasoning added in the cooking; some excellent principles, made up in a stiff raised-crust of bigotry, difficult to digest: far too submissive was she to complain of this diet, or to ask for a crumb beyond it.

The daughters were an example to their sex. They were tall, with a Roman nose a-piece. They had been educated faultlessly. All they did was well done. History, and the most solid books, had cultivated their minds. Principles and opinions they possessed which could not be mended. More exactly-regulated lives, feelings, manners, habits, it would have been difficult to find anywhere. They knew by heart a certain young-ladies-school-room code of laws on language, demeanour, &c.; themselves never deviated from its curious little pragmatical provisions; and they regarded with secret, whispered horror, all deviations in others. The Abomination of Desolation was no mystery to them: they had discovered that unutterable Thing in the characteristic others call Originality. Quick were they to recognise the signs of this evil; and wherever they saw its trace—whether in look, word, or deed; whether they read it in the fresh, vigorous style of a book, or listened to it in interesting, unhackneyed, pure, expressive language—they shuddered—they recoiled: danger was above their hands—peril about their steps. What was this strange Thing? Being unintelligible, it must be bad. Let it be denounced and chained up.

Here is a passage on

WOMAN.

"If men could see us as we really are, they would be a little amazed; but the cleverest, the acutest men are often under an illusion about women: they do not read them in a true light, they misapprehend them, both for good and evil: their good woman is a queer thing, half doll, and half angel; their bad woman almost always a fiend. Then to hear them fall into ecstasies with each other's creations, worshipping the heroine of such a poem—novel—drama, thinking it fine—divine! Fine and divine it may be, but often quite artificial—false as the rose in my best bonnet there. If I spoke all I think on this point; if I gave my real opinion of some first-rate female characters in first-rate works, where should I be? Dead under a cairn of avenging stones in half an hour." "Shirley, you chatter so, I can't fasten you: be still. And after all, authors' heroines are almost as good as authoress's heroes."—"Not at all: women read men more truly than men read women. I'll prove that in a magazine paper some day when I've time; only it will never be inserted: it will be declined with thanks, and left for me at the publishers."

We fear there is but too much truth in the following observations on

A NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS.

All men, taken singly, are more or less selfish; and taken in bodies they are intensely so. The British merchant is no exception to this rule; the mercantile classes illustrate it strikingly. These classes certainly think too exclusively of making money; they are too oblivious of every national consideration but that of extending England's (i. e. their own) commerce. Chivalrous feeling, disinterestedness, pride in honour, is too dead in their hearts. A land ruled by them alone would too often make ignominious submission—not at all from the motives Christ teaches, but rather from those Mammon instils. During the late war, the tradesmen of England would have endured buffets from the French on the right cheek and on the left; their cloak they would have given to Napoleon, and then have politely offered him their coat also, nor would they have withheld their waistcoat if urged; they would have prayed permission only to retain their one other garment, for the sake of the purse in its pocket. Not one spark of spirit, not one symptom of resistance would they have shown till the hand of the Corsican bandit had grasped that beloved purse; then, perhaps, transfixed at once into British bulldogs, they would have sprung at the robber's throat, and there they would have fastened, and there hung—inveterate, insatiable, till the treasure had been restored. Tradesmen, when they speak against war, always profess to hate it because it is a bloody and barbarous proceeding: you would think, to hear them talk, that they are peculiarly civilized—especially gentle and kindly of disposition to their fellow men. This is not the case. Many of them are extremely narrow and coldhearted; have no good feeling for any class but their own, are distant, even hostile, to all others; call them useless; seem to question their right to exist; seem to grudge them the very air they breathe, and to think the circumstance of their eating, drinking, and living in decent houses, quite unjustifiable. They do not know what others do in the way of helping, pleasing, or teaching their race; they will not trouble themselves to inquire: whoever is not in trade is accused of eating the bread of idleness, of passing a useless existence. Long may it be ere England really becomes a nation of shopkeepers!

Turning from these harsher topics, let us now produce a specimen of the poetry of these volumes. It should be premised that *Shirley* had wandered out with CAROLINE to visit the church of Briarfield on one of those fine evenings in summer, when earth and sky are one glory. *Shirley* speaks:

THOUGHTS AT SUNSET.

"Here I must stay. The grey church and greyer tombs look divine with this crimson gleam on them. Nature is now at her evening prayers; she is kneeling before those red hills. I see her prostrate on the great steps of her altar, praying for a fair night for mariners at sea, for travellers in deserts, for lambs on moors, and

unfledged birds in woods. Caroline, I see her! and I will tell you what she is like: she is like what Eve was when she and Adam stood alone on earth."

"And that is not Milton's Eve, Shirley."

"Milton's Eve! Milton's Eve! I repeat. No, by the pure Mother of God, she is not! Cary, we are alone: we may speak what we think. Milton was great; but was he good? His brain was right; how was his heart? He saw Heaven: he looked down on Hell. He saw Satan, and Sin his daughter, and Death their horrible offspring. Angels serried before him their battalions: the long lines of adamant shields flashed back on his blind eyeballs the unutterable splendour of heaven. Devils gathered their legions in his sight, their dim, discredited, and tarnished armies passed rank and file before him. Milton tried to see the first woman; but, Cary, he saw her not."

"You are bold to say so, Shirley."

"Not more bold than faithful. It was his cook that he saw; or it was Mrs. Gill, as I have seen her, making custards in the heat of summer, in the cool dairy, with rose-trees and nasturtiums about the latticed window, preparing a cold collation for the Rectors—preserves, and 'dulcet creams'—puzzled 'what choice to choose for delicacy best; what order so contrived as not to mix tastes, not well-joined, inelegant; but bring taste after taste, upheld with kindest change.'"

"All very well, too, Shirley."

"I would beg to remind him that the first men of the earth were Titans, and that Eve was their mother: from her sprang Saturn, Hyperion, Oceanus; she bore Prometheus—"

"Pagan that you are! what does that signify?"

"I say, there were giants on the earth in those days: giants that strove to scale heaven. The first woman's breast that heaved with life on this world yielded the daring which could contend with Omnipotence: the strength which could bear a thousand years of bondage,—the vitality which could feed that vulture Death through uncounted ages,—the unexhausted life and uncorrupted excellence, sisters to immortality, which after millenniums of crimes, struggles, and woes, could conceive and bring forth a Messiah. The first woman was heaven-born: vast was the heart whence gushed the well-spring of the blood of nations; and grand the undegenerate head where rested the consort-crown of creation."

"She coveted an apple, and was cheated by a snake: but you have got such a hash of Scripture and mythology into your head that there is no making any sense of you. You have not yet told me what you saw kneeling on those hills."

"I saw—I now see—a woman-Titan: her robe of blue air spreads to the outskirts of the heath, where yonder flock is grazing; a veil white as an avalanche sweeps from her head to her feet, and arabesques of lightning flame on its borders. Under her breast I see her zone, purple like that horizon: through its blush shines the star of evening. Her steady eyes I cannot picture; they are clear—they are deep as lakes—they are lifted and full of worship—they tremble with the softness of love and the lustre of prayer. Her forehead has the expanse of a cloud, and is paler than the early moon, risen long before dark gathers: she reclines her bosom on the ridge of Stillbro' Moor; her mighty hands are joined beneath it. So kneeling, face to face she speaks with God. That Eve is Jehovah's daughter, as Adam was his son."

"She is very vague and visionary! Come Shirley, we ought to go into church."

"Caroline, I will not: I will stay out here with my mother Eve, in these days called Nature. I love her—undying, mighty Being! Heaven may have faded from her brow when she fell in Paradise; but all that is glorious on earth shines there still. She is taking me to her bosom, and showing me her heart. Hush, Caroline! you will see her and feel as I do, if we are both silent."

But we might quote thus till we had filled an entire CRITIC, and yet leave the beauties of *Shirley* unexhausted. We have, however, produced enough of them to induce the reader to study the rest in the work itself.

The Maid of Orleans. A Romantic Chronicle. By the author of "Whitefriars." In 3 vols. London: Colburn. 1849.

THE author of "Whitefriars" is one of the few who have successfully studied in the SCOTT school of historical romance. Apparently the most easy, because affording the largest scope for the imagination, it is really the most difficult of all forms of fiction. It demands an extensive and accurate knowledge, not only of the events of history, but of its spirit, of the characters of the personages who flourished at the periods in question, and, still more, of the popular ideas and manners, without which customs and costumes make only a stiff, doll-like pageantry, that never excites the interest bestowed upon the realities of human emotions and actions. It was in this power of reproducing the *entire* era, and not alone a few of its prominent characters, that the magical power of SCOTT consisted; and his crowds of imitators have failed, mainly because they forgot this, and supposed that it was enough to restore the names and stage properties of the drama of the past, to recast likewise its *life*.

The comparative success that has attended the works of the author before us is due to his consciousness of this necessity, and the power he has of complying with it. In selecting the story of *Joan of Arc* for his new historical romance, he has subjected himself to the severest trial, because he has wrought upon a theme on which all of us have already formed some sort of picture in our own minds, and experience proves how apt people are to find fault with any representation of place or event that does not square with their own *ideal* of it. Adopting the plan of his predecessor, this *Chronicle* is supposed to have been written by HUELIN DE TROYE, the wife of a courtier of CHARLES VII., and a contemporary of the events narrated. It is, in fact, a sort of prose epic, for it opens with the inspiration of JOAN, and ends with her death, and the structure and almost the language of an epic is preserved throughout. The materials of the romance are ingeniously constructed, so as to *weave* in with the actual history, and the portraits of all the great personages of the time are preserved with uncommon spirit, both in the description and in the dialogue. Many of the passages are in a fine strain of poetry, and the language put into the mouth of JOAN is full of a certain grandeur of eloquence appropriate to her inspired character. Altogether, it is a romance which may well be read with interest and profit, and the libraries may safely place it on their shelves and readers upon their lists for borrowing.

We can afford one specimen only, so crowded are our columns, but it will prove the spirit with which the work is written.

THE CORONATION AT RHEIMS.

But few ceremonies now remained to complete the great act of consecrating a king to France. The royal robes were placed on Charles's shoulders; the gloves, the ring, the sceptre, and the sword of justice, were severally handed to him. France watched the progress of the work which was to place so magnificent an end to her toils, with intense and devouring anxiety: and yet, at the moment when the crown of Charlemagne was set on her sovereign's fair brows, a pang of intolerable anguish shot through her heart, and for an instant the whole gorgeous spectacle vanished from her sight, and she seemed to stand alone upon some dreary promontory of darkness, surrounded by raging and thronging waves of flame! She awoke from this terrific dream or prophecy with a start; the beloved tones of Charles's voice in her ears and heart, uttering the joyous words "Lead me to thy throne, Jeanne! Thou alone hast the right!"

Nothing, indeed, now remained to be performed but the last august rite of the enthronization; and with a

mightily effort of mind and will, Jeanne complied. She walked beside the king to the steps of his throne with the tremulous march of a woman rather than of a warrior; but as she approached it she seemed to regain strength and determination. And when Charles ascended to the chair, and sunk into it with an air of mingled exhaustion and pleasure; when the archbishop, in a loud voice, shouted "*Vivat rex in æternum!*" and the people responded with an overwhelming sea-like roar; wherein "*Vive le roi!*" and "*Vive la Pucelle!*" seemed to be joined as one sound; when the trumpets burst into their scarlet clange of triumph, and despair vented itself in the frequent exultation with which she flourished her victorious standard over the king, while torrents of tears and stifling sobs burst from her eyes and breast.

Yet it was in this very highest and most transcendent moment of triumph and glory, that the maid seemed suddenly to check the tide of her tempestuous feelings, and letting her standard sink, she threw herself on both knees at the lowest step of the throne.

"Be silent all!" said Charles, for the first time stretching his sceptre, and with so royal a majesty, that he was instantly obeyed. "Be silent while we hear, as we trust, what reward the maid will deign to ask of us. For ourselves, we are hopeless to devise any equal to her deservings."

"King! my royal and gentle king! whom for the first time I call so," replied Jeanne, and she paused an instant ere resuming her speech with a new flood of tears; "now is fulfilled the pleasure of God, who willed that I should raise the siege of Orleans, and should bring you into this city of Rheims to receive your glorious consecration, and show to all the world, by the divine aid afforded you, maugre the power and calumnies of your enemies—ah, sweet king, of your wolf-mother herself!—that you are the true king, and he to whom the realm of France by right belongs. And now my task is fulfilled; my work is over; my heavenly powers are withdrawn. Henceforth I am a mere woman—a very weak and tearful shepherd-girl. Wherefore, I beseech you, suffer me to depart, like a harvester when the field is reaped; and since it pleases God, my creator, and the Virgin, my inspirer, and St. Michael, who utters his will to me in music, let me lay down my arms and return to serve my father and mother in keeping their herds and sheep with my sisters and brothers, who will be very glad to see me again."

The effect of this extraordinary and generally unexpected address was as surprising as itself. An unusual sentiment of wonder, dejection, and sorrow diffused itself throughout the auditors; and finally, the whole mass of the people and soldiery burst into tears and bewailings, as if they were children abandoned by their nurse in some wild and terrible solitude. The captains of the army—even those who least loved and most envied Jeanne—were dismayed and thunderstruck with her announcement. Those who loved her, whose generous souls comprehended hers, were moved with the deepest sorrow. Dunois and La Fère, those famous leaders of battle, wept aloud! The grief and consternation were, indeed, so general and openly displayed, that scarcely any other people but the French could have passed with such rapidity to the extremes of passions so opposite.

The king, himself, seemed the most amazed of the whole number of the auditors, and looked in silent dismay at La Trimouille. The latter was himself the very picture of mortification and wonder; but he made a gesture to the king, the significance of which the archbishop of Rheims hastened to prevent.

The Golden Calf; or, Prodigality and Speculation in the Nineteenth Century. In 3 vols. London: Newby. 1849.

THE announcement in the preface to this novel is, as we deem it, anything but a recommendation. It is there stated that on the 7th of September last, the author saw in a leading article in *The Times* upon the railway speculation and its results, a passage recommending the subject to any young writer of romance as one which would "carry his name into every gentlemen's library and every merchant's counting-house in the three kingdoms. The subject should be *Railway Frauds*."

The writer, "thirsting for literary distinction," had already written a portion, he says about half, of this novel, which, to some extent, was similar in its theme,

and proceeding with renewed ardour, in little more than six weeks he completed the three volumes before us! But we fear he has overlooked the condition which *The Times* attached to its prediction, namely, that the fame would follow if the work were "well executed." Now this is not well executed, and it fails in the most important feature of a novel on such themes, the portraiture of low-bred vulgarity raised by wealth to a higher sphere. The characters are not realities, but caricatures. The author has not drawn from nature, from his own observation, from practical experience, but from farces and *Punch*, and even these are not faithfully rendered, but decked out in certain trappings of the novelist's fancy. Probably he had in his contemplation the fallen Railway King and his family; but we are quite sure that he knew them only by report, and that so far from representing them as they appeared in the days of their glory, he has done nothing more than glean the jokes and scandals that were so freely passed upon them by the aristocratic friends who feasted at their tables and sought to share the spoils of the railways, and who seemed to feel a sort of compensation for their own self-abasement in this mammon worship by turning to ridicule the idol before which they bent. That disgusting episode in our social history deserves far more able treatment than it has obtained here: it would demand the pen of one who is at once a novelist, a dramatist and a philosopher. In such hands a lesson might be read which should make many an aristocratic cheek burn with shame, and which would go down as a warning to our posterity. But to be thus, it must be treated in altogether another manner from the hasty and imperfect sketch before us. The theme is far beyond the capacity of this author, who is evidently a novice. But nevertheless, although not what it might be, the pages bear evidence of some ability, which, with sufficient cultivation, may not improbably conduct the writer to a respectable place among the novelists of his time. He has a fertile invention, smartness of speech, and a flow of spirits which carries the reader onwards without weariness. We receive many worse novels in the course of the year, the principal fault of this one being, that avowedly aiming at a high mark, it falls far below its aim: if the author had been more modest in his ambition, he would have thriven better. Young writers should learn, that it is infinitely more prudent to choose a humble theme and treat it well, than a lofty one and treat it imperfectly. The world will always judge a man by what he does, and not by what he endeavours to do. They will applaud a man who jumps an inch or two higher than his competitors, but they laugh at persons whose ambition seeks in vain to scale the sun. More fame will accrue from a successful ballad than from an unsuccessful epic. Let the author of *The Golden Calf* remember this when next he chooses a subject for a novel.

Sir Edward Graham: or Railway Speculators. By CATHERINE SINCLAIR, author of "The Journey of Life," &c. In 3 vols. London: Longman and Co. 1849.

THIS is too manifestly got up for the purpose of falling in with the current of the public mind, to possess much substantial claim to critical attention as a literary work. It was designed for a temporary object, and it is adapted to its design; it is for the day, and it will perish with the day. It is manifestly a premature birth. The authoress has not laboured at it either for its plan or its execution. The plot was hastily constructed; there are marks of haste in the composition, and it is plain that correction has not been attempted. It is not by such books as these that Miss SINCLAIR will extend her reputation, however she may replenish her purse. It will not pay in the end to write thus, for her name upon the title page, instead of attracting future readers, will deter them. We do not mean to say that this novel is wholly without merit. On the contrary, it contains many clever scenes, and some graphic sketches of character. But these are thrown away amid so much that is crude, uninteresting, extravagant and spun out. We regret that we cannot speak of it more favourably, because we have entertained much esteem for Miss SINCLAIR's abilities, and looked to her with anticipations of future eminence: hopes which, if not destroyed, are very much nipped by the perusal of *Sir Edward Graham*.

The Gladiator: a Tale of the Roman Empire. By MARTHA MACDONALD LAMONT. London: Longman and Co.

THIS tale is written with great elegance, and abounds in the poetry both of sentiment and of description. Miss LAMONT has resuscitated, with uncommon skill, not merely the costumes, customs, and scenery of Rome, but the Romans themselves, bringing them before us in a more life-like form—more as men and women—than any fictionist of our time has done, although the attempt has been often made. The story has a great deal of interest, and it possesses the great recommendation of teaching much that history is intended to teach, without revealing also what it is as well that young persons should not know. Hence it will be an excellent book for school prizes or Christmas presents.

Nina. By FREDERIKA BREMER. Vol. 1. Slater. *Little Fadette; a Domestic Story.* By GEORGE SAND. London: Slater.

TWO more of the excellent series of cheap and elegant fictions which Mr. SLATER is now publishing, and for which he has prudently resorted to the rich resources of Continental and American literature. The works of GEORGE SAND are little known and strangely misrepresented in England: they are full of talent, and Mr. SLATER will confer a favour on the public by placing all the best of that extraordinary author's works in his collection. *Little Fadette* is a favourable specimen, and the most fastidious could find in it nothing objectionable.

Miss BREMER's novels are better known, and the cheapness of the present translation must commend it to every reader.

The Amber Witch. By W. MEINHOLD. Translated from the German by E. A. FRIEDLÄNDER. London: Slater. 1849.

MEINHOLD possesses the art of so transporting himself back into the old times as to picture them like one of their chroniclers. It is difficult to believe, as we read his fictions, that they are the imaginations of a man of the nineteenth century. He revels especially in the dark deeds of the very dark age of Europe, when witchcraft was a creed, and witch burning an amusement, and his quaint style of composition adds wonderfully to the deception. *The Amber Witch* is the romance for which he is most famous, and here it is presented to us, in Mr. SLATER's library, complete for a few pence. It is one of the most attractive of this most interesting series of publication.

Self-Devotion: or the Russians at Hochkirch. From the German of F. LOHMANN. Lichfield: Lomax.

A TALE of the seven years' war—a beautiful picture of domestic life, which it is impossible to read without being deeply affected. It is an acceptable addition to our stores of translations from the literature of Germany.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

The Outlaw's Confession; Heir of Alva; and other Poems. By BOOTHROYD FAIRCLOUGH. London: Cleaver.

ALTHOUGH introduced by the usual preface, pleading youth as an excuse for incapacity, this is one of those many volumes of poems whose publication is a mystery. If they are worth reading, why apologize for them: if they are not worth the perusal, why are they printed? Nobody reads poetry unless it be good; to ask the world, which has so much beside to occupy its attention, to read bad poetry, is an insult. Mr. FAIRCLOUGH almost admits in his preface that his poetry has no claims to notice on its own account, but he asks favour because he is young. But the plea of youth is not a sufficient one. Although people who intend to write must begin to write at some time; there is no reason for printing their crudities and puerilities. For the next ten years, at least, Mr. FAIRCLOUGH should burn his paper as fast as he fills it. Then, when accomplished by long and arduous study, he may produce something which the world may think worth reading.

But his present verses being just what he has himself described them, will not be read, and the author should console himself with the reflection that he has thus escaped a good deal of ridicule. But our own opinion is that he *never* can be a poet, and to waste his time and thoughts in the endeavour will be to spoil an excellent tradesman, or some such *useful* member of society, which, doubtless, Mr. FAIRCLOUGH might subside into, when he has ceased to roll his eyes "in a fine phrenzy," and to indite such doggerel as this:

And little love 'twas said he bore
The youth, who loved him not the more!
Between their hearts appeared to be,
A gulf of such immensity
And depth, that neither ever was
Inclined its dreariness to pass.
Strange tales were told of sire and son,
And these would gather as they'd run,
A fresher strength and swifter speed,
When incredulity might need,
Such impetus to make her heed!

Are our readers satisfied?

The Georgics of Virgil. Translated by W. H. BATHURST, M. A. Rector of Barwick in Emlet. London: Taylor, Walton and Co. 1849.

WE are not satisfied that there exists any want of a new translation of *the Georgics*. Mr. BATHURST assigns in his preface as his reason for making the attempt, that he had not met with any version of them which appeared to do them justice. That the existing translations are incapable of being improved upon, we do not presume to assert, but we must frankly say, that Mr. BATHURST has not succeeded in his ambitious aim. It is true that he has produced a much more *literal* translation than any we have read, but it is not superior to either of its predecessors, nay, it does not equal them in freedom and grace. It is somewhat *schoolboyish*; it would be praised as the production of a boy in the first class; the metre is correct, but the language and structure of poetry are wanting: it is prose in rhyme. For instance:

The forests on Caucasian heights we find,
To vary in production as in kind.

The Belfry of Bruges; and other Poems. By H. W. LONGFELLOW. London: Slater.

ONE of LONGFELLOW's volumes of true and thoughtful poetry, which Mr. SLATER has added to his cheap pocket series. As it may be procured for a few pence, it is enough to make known to our readers that such a book is to be had, and those of them who love poetry will possess it in a week.

Jew-de-Brass. By PAUL PINDAR. London: Newby. AN indifferent satire, in very bad rhyme and still worse metre. Mr. D'ISRAËLI is the object of it, but the shafts do not hit, much less pierce him.

The Ten Commandments, in Verse. London: Masters. ALL that we have said of rhyming scripture applies to this.

RELIGION.

Pilgrimages to St. Mary of Walsingham, and St. Thomas of Canterbury. By DESIDERIUS ERASMUS. Newly translated, with the Colloquy of Rash Vows by the same Author, and his Characters of Archbishop WAREHAM and Dean COLET, and Illustrated with Notes by JOHN GOUGH NICHOLS, F.S.A. Westminster: Nichols and Son. 1849.

ERASMUS has justly been styled the pioneer of the Reformation. He it was who, by his learning, his keen perception of truth, and his pointed satire, principally contributed to demolish the fabric of the Roman superstition, upon the ruins of which LUTHER laid that basis of scriptural truth, which has formed the foundation for fairer and purer forms of faith. This small portion of his works now presented by Mr. NICHOLS in an elegant translation to the British public is in every respect charac-

teristic of the sound judgment and brilliant wit of the author, and not less, of that remarkable clear-sightedness with regard to folly and absurdity, even upon subjects commonly accounted sacred, which placed him so far in advance of the age which he adorned, and enabled him in his day to lead the van of social progress. And not unacceptable or inapplicable even now are his caustic remarks, and pungent sarcasm, for fine wit, and *strong sense*, such as that of ERASMUS, is for all times.

But this translation, the Editor informs us, has not been given to the world with any polemical views. In his own words, "His object has been merely the illustration of a feature of our early religious history, in the most approved historical manner, that is to say, from contemporary sources of information, and accompanied by the citation of his authorities." And to all our readers we earnestly commend this volume, which is embellished with interesting and appropriate woodcuts, as being eminently calculated to promote such a purpose. The characters, drawn by ERASMUS, of WAREHAM, Archbishop of Canterbury, and JOHN COLET, dean of St. Paul's, are in an eminent degree interesting and curious, particularly that of the latter, the style of which is less panegyric and more philosophical than that of the former. A finer portrait of a finer subject we do not remember ever to have seen drawn by any one. We subjoin one or two extracts, doubting not, that if the name of ERASMUS is not, of itself, sufficient, they will tempt our readers to the intellectual treat which is contained in this handsomely *got up* volume, remarkable alike for the beauty of its typography and the elegance of its binding.

The following is from *The Colloquy of Rash Vows*:

Cornelius.— . . . But say, were all blest with a safe return?

Arnold.—All but three; of whom one dying on the way commissioned us to salute Peter and James in his name. Another was lost at Rome, and he desired that we should greet his wife and children for him. The third we left at Florence, his recovery entirely despaired of. I imagine he is now in heaven.

Corn.—Was he then so pious?

Arn.—Nay, the greatest trifler imaginable.

Corn.—Whence then do you draw that conclusion?

Arn.—Because he had his satchel stuffed full of the most ample indulgences.

Corn.—I understand; but it is a long road to heaven, nor a very safe one as I hear, on account of the highwaymen which infest the middle region of the firmament.

Arn.—That is true, but he was sufficiently provided with passports.

Corn.—Written in what language?

Arn.—The Roman.

Corn.—He is then safe?

Arn.—He is, unless by ill luck, he should fall into the hands of a spirit that does not understand Latin; it will then be necessary for him to return to Rome and obtain a new certificate.

Corn.—Are bulls sold there even to the dead?

Arn.—Oh! most especially.

Corn.—But meanwhile I must give you a hint, not to make any inconsiderate remarks, for now every place abounds with talebearers.

Arn.—Oh! I do not at all depreciate indulgences; I only smile at the folly of my pot-fellow, who being in other respects the merest trifler, yet rested the stem and stern, as they say, of his salvation upon parchments, rather than in amendment of the heart.

He next ridicules the Romish miracles, and the credulity of those who could rely on such arguments as were adduced in favour of their authenticity. OGYGIUS is relating to MENEDEUS the wonders of Walsingham:

Og.— . . . Whilst looking round carefully at

everything, I asked how many years it might be since that little house was brought thither: he answered, some centuries. "But the walls," I remarked, "do not bear any signs of age." He did not dispute the matter. "Nor even the wooden posts:" he allowed they had been recently put up, and, indeed, they spoke for themselves. "Then," I said, "the roof and thatch appear to be new." He agreed. "And not even those cross-beams," I said, "nor the rafters, seem to have been erected for many years." He assented. "But," I said, "as now no part of the old building remains, how do you prove that this was the cottage which was brought from a great distance?"

Men.—Pray how did your conductor extricate himself from this difficulty?

Og.—Why, he immediately showed us a very old bear's skin fixed to the rafters; and almost ridiculed our dullness in not having observed so manifest a proof. Thus convinced, and asking pardon for our slowness of apprehension, we turned towards the heavenly milk of the blessed Virgin.

Me.—Oh, mother, most imitative of her son! He has left us so much of his blood upon the earth; she so much milk, as it is scarcely credible should have belonged to a single woman with one child, even if the infant had taken none of it.

Og.—They make the same remarks of our Lord's cross, which is shown privately and publicly in so many places, that, if the fragments were brought together, they would suffice to freight a merchant-ship, and yet our Lord bore the whole of his cross.

Me.—Does this not seem inexplicable to you also?

Og.—It may perhaps be called wonderful, but not inexplicable; since our Lord, who increases these things at his will, is Omnipotent.

Me.—You account for it very piously, but I fear many such things are fabricated for lucre.

Og.—I cannot think that God would suffer himself to be mocked in that manner.

Me.—Not! whilst the mother, and the Son, and the Father, and the Holy Ghost are alike robbed by the sacrilegious, and do not even disturb themselves so much as to drive away the wretches even by a nod or a murmur? So great is the forbearance of the Deity.

Such is the description of the riches of the shrine of THOMAS-A-BECKET:

Me.—Did you see the bones?

Og.—That is not permitted: nor indeed is it possible without the aid of a ladder; but a wooden canopy covers the golden shrine; and when that is drawn up with ropes, inestimable treasures are opened to view.

Me.—You amaze me.

Og.—The least valuable portion was gold; every part glistened, shone, and sparkled with rare, and very large jewels, some of them exceeding the size of a goose's egg. There some monks stood round with much veneration; the covering being raised, we all worshipped. The Prior with a white rod pointed out each jewel, telling its name in French, its value, and the name of its donor, for the principal of them were offerings sent by sovereign princes.

In our next extract, JOHN COLET is referred to under the name of Gratian Black:

Og.—My companion, Gratian, by no means advanced in favour; after a short prayer, he asked the attendant priest: "Here," says he, "good father, is it true what I hear, that Thomas while alive was exceedingly kind to the poor?" "Most true," said he, and he began to relate many of his acts of benevolence towards the destitute. Then Gratian remarked, "I do not imagine that such disposition of his is changed, unless perhaps increased." The priest assented. He said again, "Since, then, that most holy man was so liberal towards the poor whilst he was still poor himself, and required the aid of money for his bodily necessities, do you not think, that now, when he is so wealthy, nor lacking anything, he would take it very contentedly, if any poor woman having children at home, or daughters in danger of prostitution from want of a dowry, or a husband laid up with disease, and destitute of all assistance, should first pray for pardon, and then take from these, so great riches, some small portion for the relief of her family, as if receiving from a consenting person, either as a gift or a loan?" When the attendant on the holy head made no answer to this, Gratian, being

of an ardent temper, added, "I am clearly convinced that the most holy man would rather rejoice that even when dead he should relieve by his riches the wants of the poor." Then the priest began to knit his brows, to protrude his lips, and to look upon us with Gorgonian eyes; nor do I doubt but that he would have cast us out of the church with disgrace and reproaches, if he had not known that we were recommended by the Archbishop. However, I pacified the man's anger with some apologies, telling him that Gratian had said nothing seriously, but had merely indulged his usual habit of banter, and at the same time I laid down a few pence.

A Guide to the Daily Service of the Church of England. Second edition. By THOMAS STEPHENS, Medical Librarian of King's College. London: Longman and Co. 1849.

DIVIDING his subject into three parts, Mr. STEPHENS gives, first, a brief historical account of the compilation of the liturgy and its revision in the reign of HENRY VI.; of its revision after the Hampton Court conference; and of its final review after the Restoration: second, an explanation of the daily prayers, anthems, and creeds, with general observations on the psalms and proper lessons, and third, an explanation of the rubrics, exhortations, prayers, and thanksgivings in the communion office. This is done with research, eloquence, and in a spirit of true piety, and the early demand for a second edition proves that the author has accomplished his task to the satisfaction of his numerous readers.

An Exposition of the Church Catechism, in the form of brief illustrative Lectures, with Questions appended. By the Rev. JOHN BOOKER, A. M., London: Ollivier. 1849.

AN elaborate explanation of every sentence in the Church Catechism. Each one is the subject of a chapter, and at the end of each chapter there are questions, by means of which the pastor or master may test the knowledge of the pupil. It is very intelligible, and that is a great recommendation.

The Voices of Harvest. By the Rev. R. MILMAN, Vicar of Chaddleshaw. London: Masters.

RELIGIOUS musings suggested by the season, eloquent and right-hearted, but not remarkable for anything original or striking.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Dublin University Magazine for November is rich in variety. An article on *the Air* presents the complete science of the atmosphere in a familiar and singularly intelligible form. "Recollections of a Circassian Campaign" have the interest of novelty of scene. Mr. McCarthy's "Moorish Romances and German Ballads" present some well-executed translations. "Ceylon and the Cingalese" is by far the best account of that portion of the British territories we have ever read. The article on "Peppy's Diary" is extremely amusing; and the "Portrait Gallery" of the month exhibits to us a full length of Mr. Bennett, Q. C. There are many other equal attractions in prose and poetry, essay and review.

The Eclectic Review for November abounds in vigorous writings on a variety of topics of present interest. It opens with a well-reasoned article on "The Marriage Law," siding with those who demand of the Legislature that it should not trespass so much upon the right of individuals, in a matter that concerns themselves only and not their neighbours, as to prohibit the marriage of a deceased wife's sister. It smashes the fallacies of the supporters of the new law, and proves triumphantly that the law of our fathers, which did no harm to them, could not be more dangerous to us. A "Memoir of Howard," a very interesting analysis of "Herschel's Outlines of Astronomy," and of "Dr. Harris's Man Primeval," and a review of "Short's Expedition into Central America," are among the literary and religious themes. It closes with a brilliant paper on the last session of Parliament and its results, under the title of "Wisdom of the Hereditaries."

Tait's Magazine for November, taking advantage of

the occasion of the Anglo-Saxon Festival, in honour of King Alfred, held lately at Wantage, has produced an article on "Our Anglo-Saxon Empire." It is a rapid glance at our position, and summary of the extent of our power, not omitting a remark or two upon the precarious tenure by which we seem to hold many of our colonies. "Amicitie Shakspearianæ" follows, and will gratify those who love wholesome spirited criticism, and who are tired of the oft-repeated commentaries on *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, and *Lear*, with which the world has been deluged. The writer aims to point out some of the extraordinary beauties of Shakspeare's less favourite works. A paper from the pen of rather a shy contributor enforces the necessity of reform in our universities, and especially at Oxford. And beside the continued articles, there is a brief, but pretty "Biography of Madame Sontag," and a sketch of "Edinburgh in November," making altogether a number far above the recent average of merit.

Sharpe's London Journal, for November, seems still to rely upon the steel engravings as attractive features. Those of the present number are "The Banditti," by Cattermole, and "La Pensierosa," after the painting by G. S. Newton. The matter is, as usual, well selected, but we notice that a great portion of it is fiction.

The People's and Howitt's Journal, for November.—The wood-cuts are of Wilkie's "Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage;" Corbould's "The Shady Stream," "Hercules and Diomedes;" and Stothard's "Conversation and Retirement." The number teems with entertaining matter; amongst it is a translation of George Sand's pretty tale of "Little Fadette," and of "The Adventures of Peter Vaud." These translations from the French are a decided improvement on much of the matter ordinarily found in the cheap monthlies.

Paxton's Magazine of Gardening and Botany, for November. Without being merely a magazine for the month there is yet ample instruction to both the gardener and botanist for the immediate present. The essays and illustrations are superior to those found in any work devoted to the like object. *The Cottage Gardener* for October, is a more miscellaneous publication, and amply sustains its fame.

Con Cregan, Part 11, and *Frank Fairleigh*, Part 11, both seem to retain their hold upon the public attention.

The Churchman's Companion, for November, and *The Theologian and Ecclesiastic*, for November (Masters), are cheap publications, addressed to church-goers, and seem to be conducted in an impartial and skilful manner.

The Gentleman's Magazine, for November.—The articles in this number are, as usual, not remarkable either for their profundity of thought, their extent of scope, or their philosophical exactness. They are simply neat and truthful—two qualities which always enlist the sympathies of general readers in favour of a serial. Answering to this general and praiseworthy character are, the "Notice of the Poems and Life of Bernard Barton," the "Notes in Bedfordshire," the "Collections from the Histories of the Counties of Ireland," and the host of miscellaneous papers which are compressed into the part.

The British Gazetteer, Travelling Road-book, and County Atlas, Part 7.—Large maps of Northamptonshire, Leicestershire, and Surrey, and an engraving of "The Aqueduct over the Avon, near Bath," a scene blending some of the greatest beauties of nature and the greatest triumphs of art, accompanying eighty pages of carefully compiled letter-press, comprise the part. The work promises to be one of the marvels of the time.

The British Colonies, Parts 3 and 4.—The information regarding Canada and New Brunswick is extensive, varied, and we should conclude, complete. We anticipate that, when finished, this will become a work of high authority on colonial matters.

The Land We Live In.—Part 27, is a most edifying one. It describes North Wales; and the engraving and wood-cuts are very attractive.

France and its Revolutions, Part 19.—The subject of the chapters are severally, "Martignac," "Polignac," "The Revolution of July," "The New Charter," "Belgium," and "France under Louis Philippe;" and there is a Map of the Eastern Division of Paris.

The National Library of Select Literature, Part 10, has a continuation of "Kitto's Bible History;" and *The National Cyclopaedia of Useful Knowledge*, Part 34, brings the work down to "Peeblesshire."

The Pictorial History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace, progresses rapidly in Part 9 before us, coming up to the events of 1837. A map of New Zealand accompanies it.

The Works of Shakspeare, Parts 30 and 31.—*King Henry the Eighth* is completed, and *Titus Andronicus* is given; and then follows the first part of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*. Mr. Meadows's illustrations are certain to win support for the work.

The Family Herald, Part 78, reveals as usual in a variety that is rather incongruous.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Chronicles and Characters of the Stock Exchange. By JOHN FRANCIS, author of the "History of the Bank of England," &c. London: Willoughby and Co.

THE materials for this work must have been collected in the course of Mr. FRANCIS's researches for the composition of his able and successful *History of the Bank of England*. A great deal of curious and useful information must have fallen in his way which did not properly belong to his immediate subject, and hence probably the selection of a cognate theme that would enable him to make use of his abundant gleanings. The title of this volume indicates its design. It is not put forth as a formal history, but rather as a gathering of facts, anecdotes, and sketches, and it is extremely unfair or thoughtless in some of our contemporaries to find fault with it because it is not what it was not intended to be. Whether the subject was capable of being turned into regular history is nothing to the purpose. A man has a right to choose his own method of handling his topics, and he is only to be blamed when he professes it to be something of more pretension than it is. Mr. FRANCIS frankly tells us that he has here attempted nothing more than a chronicle combined with portraits of remarkable characters; as such, his volume is to be judged, and so judged, it is unexceptionable.

There is not in the whole world a spot where so many materials for romance are collected as in the Stock Exchange. There the most surprising vicissitudes of fortune occur in rapid succession; there hopes and fears are born and die every moment; there, the passions are stirred to their depths; there, whatever is in a man shows itself, whether it be good or evil, under the influence of the strongest temptations and excitements. It cannot be but that a faithful record of such a place and its inhabitants should be fraught with interest to every reader, and open to the thoughtful one a new chapter in the history of humanity.

Mr. FRANCIS briefly describes

THE MONEY MARKET BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

Charles I. seized the money of his merchants; and his bonds were hawked about the streets, were offered to people as they left church, and sold to the highest bidder. The Commonwealth were debtors, on the security of the forfeited estates. Charles II. took money from France, shut up the Exchequer, borrowed from his friends, and did anything rather than run the risk of being again sent on his travels. Thus, it would seem, the exchequer of the earlier monarchs was in the pockets of the people; that of Henry VIII. in the suppressed monasteries; Elizabeth in the corporations; and Charles II. wherever he could find it. The abdication of James II. and the arrival of William III. form an era in the history of the monetary world. The plans adopted by the latter to crush the power of France, and raise the credit of England, were the commencement of

that great accumulation known as the National Debt, and the origin, though remote, of that building celebrated throughout Europe as the Stock Exchange. The rapid sketch now presented of the mode in which money was supplied, confirms the remark of Mr. Macaulay, that "there can be no greater error than to imagine the device of meeting the exigencies of the State by loans was imported into our island by William III. From a period of immemorial antiquity, it had been the practice of every English Government to contract debts. What the Revolution introduced was the practice of honestly paying them."

The first *mania* upon which the jobbers traded was in *tulips*! In the year 1634 they were as eagerly bought as was railway scrip in 1845. It is said that 2,500 florins were actually given for a single root!

In 1698, the dealers in money emigrated from the Royal Exchange to Change Alley, and their great leader was

SIR HENRY FURNESE.

Sir Henry Furnese, a director of the Bank of England. Throughout Holland, Flanders, France, and Germany he maintained a perfect and complete train of intelligence. The news of the many battles fought at this period were received first by him, and the fall of Namur added to his profits, owing to his early intelligence. On another occasion he was presented by William with a diamond ring as a reward for some important information, and as a testimony of this monarch's esteem. But the temptation to deceive was too great, even for this gentleman. He fabricated news; he insinuated false intelligence; he was the originator of some of those plans which at a later period were managed with so much effect by Rothschild. If Sir Henry wished to buy, his brokers were ordered to look gloomy and mysterious, hint at important news, and after a time sell. His movements were closely watched; the contagion would spread; the speculators grew alarmed; prices be lowered four or five per cent.—for in those days the loss of a battle might be the loss of a crown.—and Sir Henry Furnese would reap the benefit by employing different brokers to purchase as much as possible at the reduced price. Large profits were thus made; but a demoralizing spirit was spread throughout the Stock Exchange. Bankrupts and beggars sought the same pleasure in which the millionaire indulged and often with similar success.

The wealthy Hebrew, Medina, accompanied Marlborough in all his campaigns; administered to the avarice of the great captain by an annuity of six thousand per annum; repaid himself by expresses containing intelligence of those great battles which fire the English blood to hear them named; and Ramalies, Oudenarde, and Blenheim administered as much to the purse of the Hebrew as they did to the glory of England.

In the midst of these excitements arises a name which, to the dwellers in London, is well known, Thomas Guy, the bible contractor, was a frequenter of 'Change-alley; and here, duly and daily, might be seen that figure, which the gratitude of his fellow men has rendered familiar in the statue raised to his memory.

One of the earliest speculations after their removal was in

PAWNBROKING.

In the early part of the eighteenth century, a prospectus was issued to the commercial world, and the members of 'Change Alley, in which the wants of the needy and the infamy of the pawnbrokers, the purest philanthropy and a positive 5 per cent., were skilfully blended. It was shown that then, as now, the poor were compelled to pay a greater interest than the rich, that 30 per cent. was constantly given by the former on a security which the usurer took care should be ample; and it was proposed that the wealthy capitalist should advance for the benefit of the needy a sufficient sum to enable the company to lend money at 5 or 6 per cent. The proposal proved eminently successful; a capital of 30,000*l.* was immediately subscribed, a charter obtained, and the "charitable corporation," the object of whose care was the necessitous and industrious poor, appeared to flourish. For some years the concern answered, the poor received the assistance which they required, and the company was conducted with integrity.

In 1719, however, their number was enlarged; their capital increased to 600,000*l.*; an augmentation of business was looked for; cash credits were granted to gentlemen of supposed substance; and the importance of the corporation was unhappily recognised by that numerous class of persons compelled to pay in maturity for the excesses of youth. They acted also as bankers, and received deposits from persons of all classes and conditions. Its direction boasted men of rank, its proprietary men of substance, and its executive men of more capacity than character. The cashier of the company was a member of the senate; Sir Robert Sutton, a director, was one of his majesty's privy council; and Sir Archibald Grant, who took a prominent part in the affairs of the corporation, was also a member of the lower house. Every confidence was reposed in such a body, and it was regarded as a rich and prosperous society. Under these circumstances, the surprise of the public may be conceived, when it was first whispered, and then openly announced, that the cashier, with one of the chief officers, had disappeared in company. The alarm spread to the proprietors; the public participated; the poor assembled in crowds; the rich clamoured for information; a meeting was called to inquire into the case, when a most pernicious, but scarcely comprehensible, piece of villany was unravelled, and a most disgraceful tissue of fraud discovered. 30,000*l.* alone remained out of half a million. The books were falsified; money was lent to the directors on fictitious pledges; men of rank and reputation were implicated; suspicion and censure followed persons of importance. . . . The distress occasioned by this bankruptcy was appalling, pervading nearly every class of society. Large sums had been borrowed at high interest. The small capitalist was entirely ruined; and there was scarcely a class in English life which had not its representative and its sufferer. . . . All that the wisdom of the senate could devise was attempted to mitigate the evil. The revenge of the losers was appeased by several members being expelled the house; their fear of loss was reduced by the confiscation of the estates of the offending parties; a lottery was granted for the advantage of the sufferers; and though a dividend of nearly 10*s.* was eventually paid, the fraud of the Charitable Corporation was remembered long after the evils caused by it had ceased to exist.

A remarkable history is that of a daring schemer:

ALEXANDER FORDYCE.

Bred a hosier at Aberdeen, Alexander Fordyce found the North too confined for any extensive operations; and, repairing to London, as the only place worthy his genius, obtained employment as clerk to a city banking-house. Here he displayed great facility for figures, with great attention to business, and rose to the post of junior partner in the firm of Roffey, Neal and James. Scarcely was he thus established, ere he began to speculate in the Alley, and generally with marked good fortune.

The devil tempts young sinners with success, —and Mr. Fordyce, thinking his luck would be perpetual, ventured for sums which involved his own character and his partners' fortune. The game was with him, the funds were constantly on the rise; and fortunate as daring, he was enabled to purchase a large estate, to support a grand appearance, to surpass nabobs in extravagance and *parvenus* in folly. He marked "the marble with his name," upon a chalice which he ostentatiously built. His ambition vied with his extravagance, and his extravagance kept pace with his ambition. The Aberdeen hosier spent thousands in attempting to become a senator, and openly avowed his hope of dying a peer. He married a woman of title; made a fine settlement on her ladyship; purchased estates in Scotland at a fancy value; built a hospital; and founded charities in the place of which he hoped to become the representative. But a change came over his fortunes. Some political events first shook him. A sensible blow was given to his career by the affair of Falkland Island; and he had recourse to his partners' private funds to supply his deficiencies. Like many who are tempted to appropriate the property of others, he trusted to replace it by some lucky stroke of good fortune; and redoubled his speculations on the Stock Exchange. Reports reached his partners, who grew alarmed. They had witnessed and partaken of his good fortune, and they had rejoiced in the far ken

which had obtained the services of so clever a person; but when they saw that the chances were going against him, they remonstrated with all the energy of men whose fortunes hang on the success of their remonstrances. A cool and insolent contempt for their opinion, coupled with the remark, that he was quite disposed to leave them to manage a concern to which they were utterly incompetent, startled them; and, when, with a cunning which provided for everything, an enormous amount of bank notes, which Fordyce had borrowed for the purpose, was shown them, their faith in his genius returned with the possession of the magic-paper—and it is doubtful whether the plausibility of his manner or the rustle of the notes decided them. But ill-fortune continued to pursue Mr. Fordyce. His combinations were as fine, his plans as skilful, as ever. His mind was as perspective as when he first began; but unexpected facts upset his theories, and the price of the funds would not yield to his combinations. Every one said he deserved to win; but he still continued to lose. Speculation succeeded speculation; and it is remarkable that, with all his great and continued losses, he retained to the last hour a cool and calm self-possession. After availing himself of every possible resource, his partners were surprised by his absenting himself from the banking-house. This, with other causes, occasioned an immediate stoppage, and a bankruptcy which spread far and wide. But Mr. Fordyce was not absent long. He returned at the risk of his life; the public feeling being so violent that it was necessary to guard him against the populace, while he detailed a tissue of unsurpassed fraud and folly. He manfully took the blame upon himself, and exonerated his partners from all save an undeserved confidence. The failures continued in the commercial world. He broke half the people in town. Glyn and Hallifax were gazetted as bankrupts; Drummonds were only saved by General Smith, a Nabob—the original of Foote's Sir Matthew Mite,—supporting their house with 150,000*l.* Two gentlemen ruined by the extravagance of the city banker, shot themselves. Throughout London the panic, equal to anything of a later date, but of shorter duration, spread with the velocity of wild-fire, and part of the press attributed to the Bank the merit of supporting the credit of the city, while part asserted that it caused the panic. The first families were in tears; nor is the consternation surprising, when it is known that bills to the amount of four millions were in circulation, with the name of Fordyce attached to them.

Sketches of Cantabs. By JOHN SMITH (of Smith Hall), Gent. London: Earle.

THIS is one of a class of books which has been fairly worn out. Amusing when a novelty, they have lost their zest by repetition, and *Sketches of "Snobs,"* and "Gents," and "Opera Girls," and such like, with which the public were inundated in rapid succession, have made even such as exhibit ability distasteful. Hence, perhaps, it is that, although there is some cleverness in the little volume before us, and smart things and true things are scattered about it, we yawned over its pages. It will, however, serve for a railway journey, and it will interest the Cantabs everywhere by the recollections it will revive of past times and scenes in which they once took part, here graphically reproduced. But it has few claims on the attention of the general reader, to whom much of it will be unintelligible. He must know the localities and the customs to appreciate the wit with which they are satirized.

Adventures of a Medical Student. By ROBERT DOUGLAS, Surgeon, Royal Navy. With a Memoir of the Life of the Author. Second edition. Tegg and Co. 1849.

THE powerful interest excited by these adventures is proved by the rapidity with which a second edition has been called for. They are written with remarkable spirit, and contain the promise of literary excellence, which has been blighted by the author's untimely death. The prefixed memoir will add greatly to the curiosity with which the adventures are approached, for the author wrote from experience, and saw much of what he has described so widely and well.

Orations, Lectures, and Addresses. By RALPH WALDO EMERSON. London: Slater.

ONE of Mr. SLATER'S Shilling Series. The work itself must be familiar by name to all our readers, but probably it has been out of the reach of many of them. It is not so now. The poorest may possess it.

SMALL FRY OF LITERATURE.

A HEAP of pamphlets and such "small deer" are lying upon our tables, the contributions of the last two months. We proceed to notice them summarily according to their merits.

Mr. CRAWFORD, of Cambridge, has written a tract for the times, entitled, *Religious Ignorance, its Cause, and its Cure*, savouring somewhat of German rationalism, but certainly ingenious and clever.—A *Memoir of the Comtesse de Rossi* (Madame FONTAG), gives a rapid sketch of the career of this famous vocalist, who was the daughter of an artist at Coblenz; she was renowned in her neighbourhood for her musical skill before she was seven years old. At eleven she appeared upon the stage. Her career from that time has been already described in the newspaper; but here it will be found more minutely detailed. The pamphlet is published by Mr. MITCHELL.

—Mr. SPOONER has brought out an *Appendix* to his treatise on the *Horse*, which formed one of the series of the Library of Useful Knowledge, and in which he describes the diseases of the animal.—An introductory lecture by Mr. T. SPICER, delivered at the Hyde Park College for Ladies, very beautifully describes the *Connection of the Sciences*, and will be read with pleasure and profit by other ladies who were not among the audience.—The second number of Mr. HUNTER'S *Critical and Historical Tracts*, collects a vast quantity of new and curious information concerning the early history of the founders of New Plymouth.—The *Reviewer Reviewed*, is a letter addressed to Mr. STUART WORTLEY, M.P., on the New Marriage Act, an able and decisive answer to the bigotted article in the *Quarterly Review*, on the subject of marriage with a deceased wife's sister.—Sir F. NICOLSON, Bart., has given to the world in a pamphlet, some remarks on *Naval Courts Martial*, suggested by recent occurrences, in which he successfully attacks the present procedure, and shows in what particulars it might be improved.—The Rev. W. B. HAWKINS, M.A., of Exeter College, Oxford, has sent us an eloquent and well-meaning, but somewhat shallow discourse, entitled, *Repentance and Prayer, the only sure Remedy for a National Visitation*.—A little sixpenny domestic story by Mr. T. S. ARTHUR, entitled, *Sweethearts and Wives*, has been added to Slater's Home Library. It is prettily written.—*Scraps and Sketches for an Idle Half-hour*, by SPARKLE, is a *jeu d'esprit* illustrated by HABLÖT BROWN. The illustration is the best part of it: the written wit is tame.—Mr. A. W. WILLIAMSON has sent us a copy of a lecture delivered by him in University College, on the 16th of October last, under the title of *Development of Difference, the Basis of Unity*. It abounds in admirable reflections, and its aim is in fact to prove the truth of the old saying, that "there must be all sorts of persons to make up a world." The differences of character between nations should be a bond of peace rather than a cause of quarrel. The rule is equally applicable at home.—Mr. SIDNEY SMITH has just produced a small but closely-printed volume, got up with his usual laborious regard for facts and figures, which he quaintly terms, *The Mother Country; or the Spade, the Wastes, and the Eldest Son*; its object being to prove by argument that the care for the social and economical evils of England is to be found in home colonization, spade husbandry, allotments, small farms, and in short, the state of things just now visible in rural France, where the land is subdivided till it does not suffice to maintain its proprietors.

FOREIGN LITERARY JOURNAL.

Les Sept Péchés Capitaux. Par M. EUGENE SUE. Paris.

M. EUGENE SUE is one of the most popular and most prolific of the French novelists of the day. Volume after volume runs off from his fluent pen, and it seems, he cannot too quickly supply the demand, nor cater too

grossly for the depravity of taste, which, we do not hesitate to assert, must prevail wherever his works may meet with admirers, or be tolerated on a drawing-room table. M. SUE has established his head quarters in the very heart of sin. The lower the depravity, the more overwhelming the flood of iniquity, the more heinous the guilt, the higher he rises with his subject, and with undeniable power drags his readers through the slough of mire, in which he himself seemingly delights to revel. In the *Mysteries of Paris*, M. SUE abandoned himself entirely to the guidance of his natural instincts; his talents had full play, and the romance had all the life and energy of artistic and descriptive power, which the author possesses in the highest degree. M. SUE has now presented to us a series of stories, illustrative of what he is pleased to call the "Seven Capital Sins," and we must acknowledge that our author has not sought so deep into his favourite abyss of crime and infamy either for actors or incidents; but he has only temporised with sin, and with no greater success than can be obtained by his fellow men. We can only remark of the five out of the seven Sins which have appeared, viz., "L'Orgueil," "La Colere," "L'Avarice," "La Luxure," and "La Paresse," that they have neither the energy nor the interest which the *Mysteries* unquestionably possessed. The stories are for the most part scarcely amusing; and where the flagrancy and brutality of crime have been avoided, the pictures of vice and immorality are as highly colored, and the path of sin is made as alluring and delectable as heretofore.

Sommer Reise, eine Wallfahrt—(Summer Journey, a Pilgrimage.) By FREDERIKA BREMER. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate.

MISS BREMER'S name is almost as well known in this country as we presume it must be in her own. Many, if not all, of her works of fiction have been translated into English, and published in such cheap editions that she has had readers of all classes and ages. Her little stories have possessed the charm of truthfulness and simplicity; and writing in an easy pleasant style, devoid of affectation, the authoress has, in her own peculiar vein, had the good fortune to establish a great reputation. The present volume professes to give an account of a "Summer Journey in Sweden," which we suppose Miss BREMER has herself made, although many of the characters she has introduced, must, we think, be fictitious. We rather regret that Miss BREMER has deviated, in this instance, from her wonted simplicity of style and language, and indulged in some rhapsodies and high-flown paragraphs, which seem to us quite out of place. The authoress's *Sommer Reise* would, we think have been more instructive and amusing, had she made it simply what it professes to be—a book of travels.

Traité de Télégraphie Electrique renfermant son Histoire, sa Théorie, et la Description des Appareils. Par M. L'ABBE MOIGNO. Paris, 1849.

THIS volume is highly deserving of attention, and we trust will be translated into English, as it would be a very valuable addition to our own present stock of information on the interesting and important subject of the electric telegraph. M. MOIGNO'S treatise is written with great method and perspicuity, and with all the vivacity which so peculiarly characterises his countrymen; it is, therefore, not only highly instructive but lively and entertaining. It will supply the scientific world, and the public generally, with a systematic account of the entire machinery and working of the electric telegraph, a full description of which has not appeared in our language. We are glad to notice that M. MOIGNO has discussed the merits of the different inventors and improvers of the electric telegraph with great fairness and impartiality and his book is generally free from that jealous nationality which too much pervades the writings of French authors.

Ludwig Kossuth, Dictator von Ungarn, als Staatsman und Redner. (LOUIS KOSSUTH, Dictator of Hungary, as a Statesman and Orator.)

Kossuth und die neueste Geschichte Ungarns. (KOSSUTH and the most recent history of Hungary.) Edited by ARTHUR FREY. Mannheim: Grobe. London: Williams and Norgate.

THE former of these publications is little more than a pamphlet, containing a *résumé* of the details respecting

the career of KOSSUTH, with which most of our readers have been made acquainted through the daily papers. The little volume is more voluminous, and contains an account of the events preceding the revolution in Hungary, and of the part which KOSSUTH played at its commencement. There is also a biography of the Dictator from his earliest years, which will doubtless be read with much interest.

ART.

The Art Journal, for November.

THE two pictures selected from the Vernon Gallery for engraving in this number of the *Art Union* are, *The First Ear-ring*, by WILKIE, and *CALCOTT'S Dutch Ferry*. The latter is a singularly beautiful engraving by WALLIS—an extraordinary work of art, worth four times the cost of the entire number in which it appears. But besides these two large steel engravings there is a third, from FLAXMAN'S marble group of *Michael and Satan*. Numerous woodcuts of uncommon beauty are also scattered through the pages of the text,—portraits of SIDNEY COOPER, and THOMAS; *The Death of Marmion*, by CORBOULD; *A Summer Day's Retreat*, by HULME; and a great number of illustrations of works of Art. The papers are on a variety of subjects connected with art, as on "Linear Perspective," "A Memoir of Sidney Cooper, written by himself," "Examples of Medieval Art," "Ancient Ships," Mr. WORNUM on the "Government School of Design," and a copious collection of the art gossip of the month.

It is the most beautiful and the cheapest periodical of the time.

Free-Hand Studies.

A PAIR of lithographs have been sent to us by Messrs. ACKERMANN, which under the above title are, we presume, intended to teach the student a free and bold handling of the pencil. They are drawings of a branch of the *Robinia* and a plant of the *Cyclanthus*, and we should suppose them to be admirably adapted for their purpose.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

It has been determined to erect an equestrian statue in honour of Her Majesty's visit to Glasgow.—The inauguration of the statue of General Negrier took place on Sunday at Lille, with great pomp.—The sculptor Rauch, of Berlin, is engaged in the completion of a monument, to be erected in one of the public places of the capital, to the memory of Frederick the Great.—It appears from a report made by the Director of the Fine Arts in France, who attended the sale of Thorwaldsen's works at Copenhagen, that some of the marbles have been purchased for England.—Mr. Henry James Brooke, of Clapham Rise, has made a donation to the Print Department of the British Museum, by which he has made that institution rich in the works of one of the most important masters in his line, Lucas van Leyden.—The vacancy occasioned in the class of Associates of the Royal Academy by the elevation of Mr. Richard Westmacott, the sculptor, to the rank of Academician, has been filled up by the appointment of Mr. John Henry Foley. In 1839 Mr. Foley took honours as a student in the Academy. In 1844, his "Youth at a Stream" was exhibited at Westminster Hall; and won from the Commissioners of Fine Arts an order to execute one of the three marble statues then determined on for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament. Mr. Foley's "Hamden" gave new evidence of his powers, and justified the Commission.—A correspondent of the *Liverpool Mercury* says,—"As a sign of the improving taste of our transatlantic brethren, we are glad to have to chronicle a rather curious shipment, made a few days ago to America, in the shape of 500 casts of the head of Shakspeare, taken from the monumental bust of the poet in the church of Stratford-upon-Avon, by Will Warner, the artist of that town. They are consigned to an eminent firm in New York, and being designed and got up in a very artistic manner, they will, we have no doubt, meet with great demand on the other side of the water."—The German papers generally approve the plan of the great exposition of the products of arts and manufactures proposed to be

held in London, under the auspices of Prince Albert. —At the first meeting for the season of the Royal Institute of British Architects, the following distinguished foreigners were elected honorary and corresponding members: Signor Antolini, professor at the Academy of Fine Arts at Bologna; Abbate Antonio Magrini; Signor Vantini, architect, of Brescia; and Mynheer J. B. Weenink, architect director of the Academy at the Hague. —Between fifty and sixty new members were elected at the last meeting of the Society of Arts. —Hamburg will possess a public picture gallery in future. A wealthy gentleman (deceased), Mr. Hartwig Hesse, having bequeathed most part of his collection for that purpose, and other individuals having signified their intention of doing the same, the Society for Encouragement of Arts and Useful Trades, to whom the bequest was made, prevailed upon the senate to lend them the saloons situated over the exchange arcades; and, if these should prove too small, in future to provide for larger ones in a constitutional way. That society and the Art Unions stipulated likewise the annual amounts necessary to conserve those objects of art and to increase its numbers.

NEW MUSIC.

La Sonnambula (the Somnambulist). A Lyric Drama. Written by FELICE ROMANI and rendered into English from the Italian by J. WREY MOULD. The Music by VINCENZO BELLINI, revised from the Orchestral Score by W. S. ROCKSTRO. London: Boosey and Co. 1849.

This is the fourth volume of Mr. BOOSEY'S admirable enterprise, described fully in the last CRITIC under the title of the *Standard Lyric Drama*.

The present volume opens with an account of the Opera of which an accomplished French critic has said that BELLINI composed it in proof of what he *could* do, as he composed *Norma* in proof of what he *would* do. A brief outline of the story of the plot is followed by an interesting account of the phenomena of somnambulism, of which numerous cases are collected.

This Opera was first produced before an English audience at Her Majesty's Theatre on the 28th July, 1831, with PASTA and RUBINI. It 1833 it was revived with MALIBRAN as *Amina*. In 1835 it was played both at Her Majesty's Theatre and at Covent Garden, by GRISI in the one, and MALIBRAN in the other. Both were enthusiastically received, and from that time to the present it has been continually repeated, always attracting an audience, and always pleasing them. It was JENNY LIND'S most popular character, if not her best.

The introduction is followed by the whole of the drama translated into English by Mr. MOULD, who has succeeded in preserving the metre so as to adapt the words thoroughly to the music, while avoiding the uncouthness, bad grammar, and nonsense with which those who undertake to render librettos into another language usually perform their task.

The music of the entire opera is then given, adapted for the pianoforte so that it may be enjoyed by the amateur. To assist him in giving expression to the music and acting it properly, each part is introduced with a description of the scenery amid which it is to be supposed to be performed, and throughout the most careful stage directions are given, by means of which the player and singers in the drawing-room may have before their minds' eyes the incidents intended to be expressed by the music, so that they might give to it the right expression. It is also indicated where the instruments of the full band are introduced, and that is likewise a great assistance by showing the pianoforte player where he should vary his tones. The words, both of the original and of the English translation, are placed below the music, so that the vocalist unacquainted with Italian might yet enjoy this music as much as others. Thus there is not an owner of a pianoforte who might not accomplish a great portion of this delicious music, and to whom this volume of the *Standard Lyric Drama* will not be a welcome acquisition.

Urania; Selections from Tiedge's Poem of that name. Adapted from the German by JOHN OXENFORD, Esq., to the Music by F. H. HIMMEL. London: Ewer and Co.

TIEDGE was famous in Germany for a poem in six

cantos, entitled *Urania*, whose object it was to proclaim the doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul, which he does with singular enthusiasm and eloquence, and in a lofty strain of poetry. This magnificent poem so delighted the composer HIMMEL that he resolved to set to music such portions of it as most inspired him. The task was completed and became extensively and permanently popular in his own country, where it is esteemed as among its classical music. From this work the finest pieces have been selected by Mr. OXENFORD, and, with a free translation into English of the German words, they are here presented to the lovers of music in our country, where they will become as popular as in their native land.

Nine compositions are contained in this publication, illustrating, or rather breathing, in music, the subjects of Consecration, the Sceptic, Hope, Despair, Aspiration, Earthly Happiness, Sympathy, and Immortality, concluding with a Hymn. In all the hand of genius is visible; the sentiment is so expressed that, without the words even, the subject might be known. And withal they are in a very simple style of music. There is nothing which might not be accomplished by anybody who can sing at all—that is, provided he has feeling,—for the effect of these fine compositions depends entirely upon the expression. For instance, the piece entitled "Despair," might either be a dull unmeaning drone, or the soul-piercing wail of conscious guilt, accordingly as the singer is a mere voice or a mind imagining an emotion and giving utterance to it in a strain suggested by the composer. It is so with all the others in this collection. They are senseless or divine according to the taste and sentiment of the performer. Hence they are admirable for practice in this most important part of musical education. They ought to be added to every musical library, and once learned they will be perpetual favorites. This is not music of the season, but music for all time.

Three Psalms for an Eight Part Chorus, without Accompaniment. Composed for the Cathedral at Berlin, by F. MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY. London: Ewer & Co.

Six Anthems for an Eight Part Chorus, without Accompaniment. Composed for the Cathedral at Berlin by the same. London: Ewer and Co.

MENDELSSOHN was, perhaps, greater in sacred music than in any other. That was the manifest bent of his genius. In the language of prayer and praise he felt himself elevated to loftier and more original harmonies. Since HANDEL we have had no such contributors to the strains of devotion, whether for the Cathedral, the Oratorio, or the family circle. The compositions named above are among the noblest he has bequeathed to us. The three psalms are, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?* almost painfully expressive of agony; *Judge me, O God*, a fervent prayer, in the very tone of entreaty; and *Why rage fiercely the Heathen?* a jubilant strain that makes the heart leap.

The Six Anthems are, *Rejoice O ye People; Thou, Lord, our Refuge; Above all Praise; Lord, on our Offences; Let our Hearts be Joyful; and For our Offences.* We have not the means of trying their worth, but their reputation must already have reached our shores, and their publication will, we hope, introduce them speedily to our Cathedrals and Churches in which the anthem forms a part of the service.

Motet from the 84th Psalm, for Bass Solo and Chorus, with Organ Accompaniment. By C. L. OERTZEN. London: Ewer and Co.

A GRAND composition, rich in fine harmonies and offering much variety. It would be very effective if well performed.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

Six Melodies for the Violin and Piano Concertante. Composed by BERNARD MOLIQUE. London: Ewer and Co.

Mozart's Fifth Quartet in A. major, adapted for the Piano-forte Solo. By J. B. CRAMER. Ewer and Co.

ONE of MOZART'S most beautiful and most celebrated compositions has been admirably adapted for the piano-

forte by Mr. CRAMER, so that all who play that instrument may now indulge in the performance of a work which is never heard without delight, and which might be desirably substituted for the worthless trash usually placed before pianists, and with which they perplex and annoy their audiences. Those who love music the best will enjoy such a work as MOZART'S Fifth Quartet.

MOLIQUE'S Six Melodies are reported to us, by a musical friend who has tried them, as having considerable claims upon the notice of amateurs, for their pleasing and original airs, and as not being too difficult.

VOCAL MUSIC.

Our Forest Home: a Duet. Words by D. RYAN, Music by HENRI PANOFKA. Ewer and Co.

Le Venegiana, Barcarole: from the Italian of Paghardini. By the same. Ibid.

Susanna, a Sacred Song. Music by HENRI PANOFKA. Ibid.

Gems of German Song. By the most admired Composers. With English Words. Book 21. Ibid.

WHEN a parcel of new vocal music arrives, we place it before a musical relative, and having listened to her performance of it, we return to our desk and state frankly what is the impression which each made upon us. So we have dealt with those transmitted by Messrs. EWER, whose titles appear above.

We were much pleased with Mr. PANOFKA'S compositions. His duet, *Our Forest Home*, has the merit of originality, and will be a drawing-room favourite. The *Barcarole* is a lively strain of which he is the adapter only, not the author; and *Susanna* is a sacred song, full of genuine feeling. There is great promise in Mr. PANOFKA.

Seven Songs from the German, by the most admired composers, are comprised in the fourth publication named in the above list. They are both grave and gay in strain, but full of expression. The taste for German music is rapidly spreading, and where it is once formed it usually becomes a sort of passion. Hence the success which has attended this extensive importation of the gems of its song, the present being the 20th part. We should state that the German words, as well as an English translation, are given with the music, so that it is adapted for those who are acquainted with the language of the original as for those who are not.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Unwearied in his endeavours to keep up a continual supply of novelty, Mr. WEBSTER has added to the attractions of Mr. MACREADY'S performances some new afterpieces, that have proved almost as successful. *A Serious Family* is a three-act comedy, adapted from a French play called *Un Mari à la Campagne*, by Mr. MORRIS BARNETT. But it is very superior indeed to the trash into which French plays are usually turned by English translators; Mr. BARNETT has really adapted this one, not in names and places only, but in character, dialogue, and idea. He has made it thoroughly English. The moral of the story, if it has one, is this, that Puritanism is not piety, and that the very righteous are apt to make more sin than they suppress. The hero is a worthy sort of husband who has a mother-in-law living with him, whose excess of primness and cant drives him from his fireside to indulge in freedom abroad, and that freedom leads to abuse. The plot turns on the devices by which the lady and her adviser are ultimately defeated. Mr. WEBSTER is admirable as the husband; Mrs. CLIFFORD plays the starched old puritan to perfection; and BUCKSTONE, as *Adminidab Sleek*, is in his element. The play flashes with wit from beginning to end. *The Laughing Hyena* is another merry little farce just produced here, and also borrowed from the French. Although well played, it was at first coldly received, on account of its length, but judicious curtailment has established it now among the favourites.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—*Charles the Second* continues to draw delighted crowds, and with every repetition it recommends itself more and more to the public taste. It is admitted on all hands to be a work of high art. Here is proof positive that England has the genius for opera if it be properly encouraged by English people, instead of affecting to regard nothing but what is foreign—and it is but an affectation. Those who say so do not feel it, only they think it fine and fashionable.

THE ADELPHI.—An extraordinary succession of novelties has distinguished the present season at this favourite theatre. Since our last a new farce has been produced, under the title of *Domestic Economy*; the story of which is thus told by one of the daily papers:—The "domestic economists" are Mr. John Grumley, a country labourer; and Mrs. John Grumley, his wife, who keeps a chandler's shop. Mr. John Grumley is a discontented mortal, and finds fault with everything his wife does to make his home happy. Mrs. John Grumley therefore proposes that her husband should change places with her—that she should go into the field to perform his duty of "hoeing 'taties," and that he should remain at home to attend to the shop and manage the household affairs. Mr. John Grumley being installed in his new position commits a succession of mistakes, which are intended to illustrate the uselessness and clumsiness of man when out of his proper sphere of employment. In this office Grumley is assisted by his own son, an urchin of some ten years of age; and between the two the contents of the chandler's back-parlour are turned, as it were, topsy-turvy. Cups and jugs are broken, the flour-tub is upset over the boy's face, and various other little sins are committed, to the infinite amusement of the gods, and to the dismay of the more discriminating portion of the audience. Mrs. John Grumley, on her return, observes the unusual condition of the place, and, in order to bring Mr. Grumley to a proper sense of her estimable qualities, she makes him believe that she has another husband living. Grumley is quite overcome at the thought of his unhappy position, and he is not comforted until it turns out that the supposed first husband of his wife is her own brother who has determined to vindicate his sister's cause. In the end all parties are made happy, and the husband and wife return to their respective employments.—When we say that WRIGHT plays the principal part in this extravaganza, it will be seen in what its fun lies—it can scarcely be too broad for him, and he sustains it almost alone.

STRAND THEATRE.—The justly-celebrated Mrs. GLOVER, the mother of the English stage, and, in her line, the freest actress in the world, commenced an engagement at this theatre on Monday, in the character of Mrs. Hudeberg. The reception of this renowned artiste was in the highest degree flattering; round after round of applause greeting her appearance, and assuring her that, notwithstanding her advanced age, her talents are fresh as ever in the estimation of the play-going world. It would be superfluous now to criticise so well known a performance as Mrs. GLOVER's *Hudeberg*; equally so Mr. FARREN's *Lord Ogleby*, both unapproached, and we believe, unapproachable. A better comedy than *The Clandestine Marriage* in which to exhibit the strength of the company, could scarcely have been selected, and we earnestly hope, for the credit of all lovers of genuine English comedy, as well as for the special benefit of the respected manager, Mr. FARREN, it will have a long run. The comedy was succeeded by a conception of unmeaning absurdity, adapted from the *vaudeville* *Le Pot aux Roses*, by Mr. OXFORD, and called *The Family Party*. As, however, it was unequivocally "damned," notwithstanding the exertions of Mrs. ALFRED PHILLIPS and Mr. COMPTON, it is unnecessary to do more than express our regret that so much coarseness should, under any circumstances, have been inflicted upon a London audience.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—Drury Lane is nightly crowded to hear the winter performances of the renowned Monsieur JULLIEN. To his credit it must be said that he has greatly improved the quality of his music; there is less noise and more science. The most attractive feature of the programme is the selection from *Le Prophète*, which is executed with admirable taste. The vocalist of the season is JETTY TREFFZ, whose sweet voice and perfect execution are received with a hurricane of applause. A word to our readers. If they want a good locality to hear they should be early, for almost as soon as the doors are open, every convenient post is occupied.

LONDON WEDNESDAY EVENING CONCERTS.—The popularity enjoyed by Mr. STAMMERS's successful enterprise of last season is surpassed by the welcome given to this. Every seat is occupied, and crowds are sent away for want of a place to stow them. When the cheapness and the quality of the entertainments are considered, this will not surprise. The admission ranges from 4s. to 1s., and the programme includes a most attractive variety of vocal and instrumental music. On November 7, for instance, we enjoyed three fine overtures, beautifully played by a full band; selections from *The Mountain Sylph*, one of the most charming of the English operas, and which Mr. MADDOX would do well to revive at the Princess's Theatre; two solos on the violin by SAINTON, whose touch is the softest

and sweetest we ever heard; two magnificent pieces by the Sax Horns of the unrivalled DISTINS; the choicest airs from the Italian, by Signor BARTOLINI, a promising aspirant; a German song, by Herr FORMES, who has wonderful power of voice and great feeling, but somewhat marred by a good deal of affectation; favourite old English and Scotch melodies, by Miss RAINFORTH, Miss HUDDART, Mrs. A. NEWTON, and Miss EYLES, who pleased us most of all; a fantasia on the pianoforte by a Madame GOFFRIE, displaying great power of execution; and many others we have not room to specify. There is but one drawback to the pleasure of these concerts—the continual encores. In this respect the audience have neither mercy nor discrimination. They seem to forget that there is a programme filling an entire evening, and that to *encore* every song is to extend the sitting till late into the night, or to compel those who have paid to hear the whole to go away with half of it unheard. Mr. STAMMERS should put a stop to this peremptorily, by announcing in the books of the songs and in all his advertisements, that *no encore will be allowed*, and then steadily to refuse it if called for. If something of this sort be not done, he will lose a considerable section of his best patrons, who will not submit to the infliction of a four hours' sitting for the amusement of a few noisy people, who only go once in a twelvemonth, and then want to have two shillings' worth for their shilling.

ST. GEORGE'S HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The opening concert of the second season of this excellent society passed off with great éclat. The principal vocalists were Misses ELLEN and ELIZA LYONS, PHILLIPS, COLLINS, and ANNIE BUCKLAND, Messrs. FRANK DUDLEY, W. H. SEGUIN, MATTACKS, and H. BUCKLAND, who sang a great variety of popular ballads and duets with great artistic excellence. The concert opened with a madrigal by ALLMANN, "Welcome, welcome, do we sing," which, with others, was much relished by the audience. Mr. ELLIS ROBERTS played a Welsh air, with variations, on the harp, exquisitely, and Miss MANSEL performed a brilliant fantasia on the pianoforte. Conductor, Mr. S. T. LYON. Accompanists, Messrs. J. C. BEUTHIN and A. JACKSON.

MR. H. SPILLER'S CONCERT.—This gentleman, a violoncellist we believe, gave an evening concert at the New Lecture Hall of the Walworth Literary Institution on the 29th ult. The audience was numerous and select. The principal artists were Miss ELLEN LYON, Mrs. FENTUM, Miss AUBREY and Miss HUDDART, Mr. FRANK DUDLEY, Mr. HENDERSON, and Mr. HENRY BUCKLAND. The encores were numerous. We were particularly pleased with Miss ELLEN LYON's artistic rendering of Horn's "Even as the Sun," and the quiet and unaffected feeling displayed by Mrs. FENTUM in "Oh, wilt thou ever think of me," by ALLMANN. She has a voice of sweet quality and considerable register. Mr. FRANK DUDLEY acquitted himself very creditably. In "Philip the Falconer," and in the duets "Take now this ring," (*La Sonnambula*) and "Love and war," he made a favourable impression. Mr. H. BUCKLAND's voice told remarkably well in "Live and let live," and in his duets. Mr. HENDERSON (an amateur) also sang remarkably well. Mr. I. THOMAS performed a brilliant fantasia by PARISH ALVARS on the harp, and Mr. SEDGWICK one of his popular *morceaux* on the concertina, in which he met a rapturous redemand. The names of other soloists appeared in the programme, but they did not appear. Mr. J. C. BEUTHIN officiated with precision at the pianoforte.

COLOSSEUM AND CYCLOPAMA.—We must continue to remind our country friends visiting London, that of all the sights this is the most interesting. If they have not leisure to visit any other, they should not omit to steal a couple of hours to view this. It will afford them unequalled satisfaction.

MR. HENRY NICHOLS.—We have really forgotten a duty which we owe to those who love SHAKSPEARE, in omitting to notice the weekly readings of his plays by Mr. HENRY NICHOLS. This gentleman is no common-place reader, but a master of the art, and not only is it a great pleasure to listen to his expression of the marvellous works of the dramatist, but it is a profit also, for it will teach the hearer how to read with propriety. Young persons, especially, should be taken to its refined and gratifying entertainment.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

It is stated in some of the French papers that Mlle. Rachel is about to quit the stage altogether,—and that she is on the eve of being married to M. Rodrigues, a merchant at Bordeaux.

The New York correspondent of the *Daily News* says:

—"I fell into a very curious mistake not long since in mentioning the rumour that Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler was about to marry a gentleman of the name of Sedgwick. As Mr. Sedgwick's wife, an English lady, is still living, the rumour is ridiculously untrue. Mrs. Butler has a pretty residence of her own in Berkshire, Massachusetts, and recently gave a *fete champetre* which astonished the natives."—Mr. Albert Smith has been preparing, at Cairo, an entertainment on an entirely novel plan, to be called "The Overland Mail," which will be presented to the London world in the course of the ensuing season.—A five act tragedy, by Mr. F. G. Tomlins, secretary of the Shakspeare Society, and author of several works on dramatic art and literature, is in rehearsal, and will shortly be produced at Sadler's Wells Theatre.—Mr. Balfe's opera "The Bohemian Girl" has just been produced with immense success at the Frankfort Theatre, under the superintendence of the composer.—A new five act comedy in verse, entitled "Les Deux Hommes," was just produced at the Théâtre Français. The author is M. Adolphe Dumas.—Madame Sontag excited last week the greatest enthusiasm at Norwich, although singing in that immense area, St. Andrew's Hall, with only a pianoforte accompaniment, was not an auspicious circumstance. Every one of her songs was encored at both concerts. At the second, being applauded in every direction in Rode's variations, she was ultimately obliged to re-appear for an encore. The accompanist having during the interval touched a few notes of "Home! sweet Home!" rapturously received at the previous concert, a tempest of applause arose, and Madame Sontag was induced to sing that exquisite ballad twice, with thrilling pathos.

It is now understood that Max Maretzek will open the Astor-place Theatre, New York, with an opera troupe, early in November. At the same time Niblo intends giving operas, and on dit that Truffi, Tedesco, and Benedetti are engaged. So the patronage will be divided. Two operas can never be properly supported in New York.—Among other musical rumours of interest, there circulates a report that the "Ancient Concerts" will be resumed next spring: we presume upon a totally different system from that of former years.—A New York paper, reporting upon the Broadway Theatre, records the great success of Miss Cushman who is playing the round of her characters.—The company mentioned as engaged by Mr. Anderson for Drury Lane, will include the following artistes:—Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Nisbett, Mrs. Ternan, Miss Phillips, and Miss Vandenhoff; Messrs. Vandenhoff, C. Fisher, Cooper, S. Artaud, B. Baker, and Angel,—the Deulin family for the pantomimists. Mr. G. H. Rodwell is said to be engaged upon a spectacle as well as upon the pantomime.—The London Sacred Harmonic Society commenced their winter performances on Monday evening at Exeter Hall with Handel's "Messiah," which was given in every respect in the same style of general excellence which we have had occasion to notice with praise. The principal vocal performers were Mr. Lockey, Mr. T. Young, Mr. Lawler, Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Henderson, and Miss L. Baxter. Mr. H. Blagrove was the leader, and Mr. Surman the conductor. At the next concert Handel's "Joshua" will be given.—In the examination, before the Bankruptcy Court, of Mr. De-la-field, it came out that the following salaries had been paid at the Covent Garden Opera:—"Artists' salaries, 1848 and 1849.—Mlle. Alboni, 1848, 4,000*l.*; Mlle. Angri, 1849, 2,500*l.*; Madame Castellan, 1848, 1,728*l.*; Mlle. Corbani, 1848, 432*l.*; 1849, 480; Dorus Gras, 1849, 1,500*l.*; Catherine Hayes, 1849, 1,300*l.*; De Meric, 1849, 500*l.*; Grisi, in 1848, 3,106*l.*; in 1849, 2,800*l.*; Persiani, in 1848, 640*l.*; in 1849, 500*l.*; Ronconi, in 1848, 480*l.*; in 1849, 480*l.*; Steffanoni, in 1848, 600*l.*; Viardot, in 1848, 4,000*l.*; in 1849, for two months, 1,213*l.*; Signor Corradi had, in 1848, 880*l.* Mario, in the same year, 2,235*l.*; and in 1849, 2,720*l.*; Roger, in 1848, 2,110*l.*; Ronconi, in 1848, 1,120*l.*; in 1849, 1,120; Salvi, in 1848, 1,520*l.*; in 1849, 1,040*l.*; Tamburini, in 1848, 1,700*l.*; in 1849, the same sum. The whole amount expended in the vocal department was in 1848, 33,349*l.*; in 1849, 25,644*l.* In the ballet accounts the two Bretin received, in 1848, 967*l.*; Lucille Grahn, in 1848, 1,120*l.*; in 1849, 1,000*l.* The two Casati, in 1848 and 1849, more than 1,000*l.*; Marnet, in 1848, 650*l.* Silvani, in the same year, 450*l.* The whole expenditure in the ballet

department amounted, in 1848, to 8,105*l.*; in 1849, to 2,526*l.* The orchestra department shows an expenditure of 10,018*l.* in 1848, and of 7,398*l.* in 1849."—A Bach Society is in course of formation. We believe the society will confine itself solely to the production and study of Bach's works, and will not venture to publish them.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

The waves dash'd onwards, hurling to the shore
Seaweeds and shells; and new-born Morning grew
Red with the mounting tide,—which upwards threw,
The floating scum of that mysterious lore,
Old Ocean conneth in its secret core:—
Whirlwinds had stirr'd its depths and changed its hue,
And there I wander'd, sleepless, 'midst the blue
Of early dawn, and fitful, as before,
In passionate strife with self! Weeds dank and cold,
My soul-storm vomiteth; but, like that sea,
The deep abysses of my spirit hold
Sorrows that startle not the eye of light;
And yet perchance an unfound pearl may be
Coil'd 'midst the ooze that hideth far from sight!

SONNET.

SUGGESTED BY GEORGE DAWSON'S LECTURES, ON
"THINGS NOT SEEN."

With mockery, which is the vulgar coin
Of the impoverish'd spirit, feeble men
Repay the advocates of Truth, whose pen
And voice in unison harmonious join
To paint the glories that, beyond our ken,
Lodge in the viewless world. But more are they
Who, in the fair dawn of the coming day,
Hail with a genial welcome every word
That tells of light beyond the cloud,—of May
After the winter,—and of treasures stored
In the UNSEEN! Woo to the scoffers, Age,
Who doubts and dreads! Joy to believing Youth,
Who hopes, and finds lore in each onward stage:
—With Eve came falsehood, but with MARY, truth.

CALDER CAMPBELL.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

A WORK of some promise is announced by Mr Colburn, "Lives of the Princesses of England from the Norman Conquest." The authoress is a Miss M. A. E. Green, already known as the editress of "Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies."—Messrs. Longman have made good their promise by producing volume one of Southey's Life and Correspondence; and a second series of Southey's Common-Place Book, is, we believe, nearly ready.—Mr. Bentley has a large batch of works in a forward condition, but they are chiefly reprints, and a translation from the French.—Mr. James, whom we had understood to be altogether dead to the publishing world, comes forth armed with another three volumes. They are entitled "Dark Scenes in History." And we notice that the same publisher as Mr. James has enlisted (Mr. Newby) announces several new works in history and fiction.—Messrs. Simms and McIntyre have entered on a bold speculation—that of the purchase of the whole of Mr. James's copyrights, for publication in their *Parlour Library* series. We do not doubt that the venture will be amply popular to pay the enterprising publishers, yet we had rather see a continued production of the best of the French and German tales that are unknown to the majority of the British public. But the fact gives rise to an important query which we have not yet been able satisfactorily to solve. Why do all our most popular authors find it essential, ere their fame has hardly spread over the world, to jump into the cheap form of publication? Dickens, Bulwer, James, Marryat, and a host of others, have now become aiders to the "People's Editions!" And Mr. Murray has also adopted the practice of throwing all his most successful biographies, &c., into the vortex of his cheap monthly series. This is a fact that betokens the awakening to life of a dormant element in English society.—The works of Edgar Allen Poe, who died suddenly at Baltimore a week or two since, are to be put to press immediately, accompanied with a memoir of his life by

James Russell Lowell, and remarks on his genius and character by N. P. Willis and R. W. Griswold.—A volume of poems by Longfellow is in the press at Boston.—Mr. Ticknor's admirable Lectures on the History of Spanish Literature, to the completion of which he has devoted the studies of a life-time, are announced as soon to make their appearance.—Mr. Bancroft has taken up his residence in New York, and intends devoting himself to the completion of his history.—We read that M. Guizot, at his retreat of *Val Richer*, has finished his Introduction to the History of the English Revolution, intended to preface the new edition of the first two volumes of his History of the Commonwealth and the Protectorate. It will form a philosophical discourse on the affairs of that eventful period, and is to be published in a separate form, simultaneously, in London and Paris.—The *Athenæum* states that "Lord Campbell, it is understood, has declined writing the lives of the last three Lords Chief Justices,—viz., Kenyon, Ellenborough, and Tenterden; assigning as his reason that though he remembered Kenyon, and had pleaded before Ellenborough and Tenterden, all three were too recently dead for the truth to be told—having surviving relatives sure to take offence if the lives were written in the manner in which he should wish to write them. Thus the very argument—a knowledge of the men—which best enables Lord Campbell to write the lives in question forms the not improper ground for his refusal."—The *National* states that the French Government not only prohibits the entry into France of a journal published by M. Mazzini, in Piedmont, under the title of *Italia del Popolo*, but that it prohibits the numbers addressed to England and America from passing through France.—A circular has been sent to all the publishers in Vienna, prohibiting the publication of any book without having first submitted the manuscript to the inspection of the Military Government.—A contemporary remarks that the leading Parisian journals have recently adopted the plan of publishing, once a week, a literary criticism!

Mr. Thackeray's continued indisposition is announced as the cause of the non-appearance of 'Pendennis.' We are glad to hear that Mr. Thackeray is now getting convalescent; and that his annual volume, promised for December, may be confidently looked for.—Frederika Bremer has been received with great attention in New York. She is now on a visit at the beautiful country residence of Mr. Downing, the author of the excellent work on the "Fruits of the United States."—Mr. E. W. Lane, the author of "Modern Egyptians," and his sister, Mrs. Poole, the authoress of the "Englishwoman in Egypt," have left Egypt for England, after seven years spent in research and study.—The Scatonian prize (for the best English poem on a sacred subject), has been adjudged to the Rev. J. M. Neale, M. A., of Trinity College, Cambridge.—The death of the late Bishop of Llandaff has given rise to two interesting appointments—that of Mr. Milman, the poet, to the deanery of St. Paul's—and of Mr. Cureton, of the British Museum, the recent editor of the 'Ignatian Epistles,' to the vacant canonry of Westminster.—The Sultan has made a present of a large tract of land in the neighbourhood of Smyrna to M. Lamartine. It is a tract of land several leagues in extent, and nearly uninhabited. There is, however, a large dwelling-house, with all the appurtenances necessary on an Asiatic farm.—Letters from Vienna state that the Austrian minister, Count Stadion, has sunk into a condition of apathetic imbecility in consequence of the over-exertion of his mental faculties; and that Lenau, the poet, Count Taaffe, and many other persons in Germany, have become lunatic from similar causes. A contemporary notices this as consonant to the fact that the bankruptcies occasioned by the great railroad failures, produced a like increase of the malady throughout the northern parts of England.—In the 72nd year of his age, and after a life, the greatest part of which has been usefully and successfully devoted to literature, Dr. Dick has been reduced to a state little raised above positive destitution—with heavy claims on him under circumstances which add sorrow of the heart to the burthen of his poor fortunes.—Much interest and some regret are excited in Germany by the impending dispersion, by public sale, of the valuable library of Ludwig Tieck, who has done more to naturalize Shakespeare in German than any writer now living.—A naval officer had recently taken from his baggage by the authorities of the revenue a

copy of the whole of the works of Byron in one volume, which had been printed and published in Paris, and being a foreign reprint of a work which was the copyright of an eminent English publisher, was a pirated edition, and therefore prohibited to be imported into this country under the provisions of the act for the protection of English copyright at present in force. This pirated copy of the works of the noble poet was of more than common interest and value, as it contained an actual manuscript letter of some length from Byron to the editor of a celebrated Parisian print, from Venice, dated in the year 1819, disclaiming in a witty and humorous manner the authorship of a work which had been ascribed to his pen by the journal in question, and commented upon as such in a critical notice. In another part of this copy was interlarded some of the manuscript writing of his "Childe Harold," with the corrections of the noble author in their original state. How these interesting mementos of this gifted writer became incorporated with this foreign copy of his works it is difficult to conjecture, but, as may be supposed it added greatly to its intrinsic value, and the owner of the copyright kindly gave his necessary permission for the book to be restored to the owner by the authorities, under the circumstances of its having been in his possession for some time, and in order to prevent so valuable a book being destroyed.

At the jubilee in commemoration of the thousandth birth-day of Alfred the Great, held recently at Wantage, two resolutions were come to. One was, to revive the old grammar school of Wantage under the title of King Alfred's College—the other, to issue a new edition of the royal author's works "in one folio volume splendidly illustrated."—The Paisley copyright question has been decided in favour of the publication appealed against. It was contended on behalf of the preacher that a sermon should rank in the same class, *quoad* the right claimed, as a play. The sheriff-substitute draws this distinction between a play and a sermon—that the right of hearing a play is sold on express terms to such of the public only as choose to pay for it, while a sermon is supposed to be offered freely to all the world who will come and listen. The sermon given to the public without conditions he held to be public property, in which no one can claim to hold a right of copy.—The annual festival of the Leeds Mechanics' Institution was held last week. The report of the secretary, Mr. Wilson, stated that "the institution was formed by the union of two others in 1842; at that time they had 667 members; in 1843 they had 750; in 1844 they had 770; in 1846 their members had increased to 1,244; in 1847 they were 1,554; and in 1848, 1,868. The number on the books at the present moment was 1,820. The number of volumes in their library had been increased from 5,066 to 7,270. The number of volumes issued during the year had been 42,702, and of periodicals 7,101."—The annual *soirée* of the Manchester Athenæum took place on Wednesday evening week, at the lecture theatre of the society. It attracted a large and brilliant company. Mr. Watkins presided.—Sir James Ross has returned home, having been unsuccessful in his search after Sir John Franklin and his company of Arctic voyagers. Various reports have been recently circulated regarding the whereabouts of the missing party, but on examination they may all be traced to a spurious origin. We have more serious fears than ever for the safety of the daring expeditionists.—The Grenville Library in the British Museum is about to be made accessible to the public.

The French Aeronaut, Arbán, ascended in his balloon from Barcelona, and is supposed to have been lost in the Mediterranean.—We read in the *Courrier des Etats-Unis* that the government of Chiapas has sent out an expedition to explore the Pimienta—a part of the mountain chain of the cordilleras—with a view to set at rest the question as to whether there exists in that locality a city and people with whom no communication has as yet been established. It is said—somewhat suspiciously—that by the aid of telescopes something has been seen at different times which seems to indicate the existence of an unknown city in the range; and that this evidence is strengthened by the fact that large herds of cattle are often seen grazing on the slopes of the mountains.—The explorations at Moulsham, suspended for a time, have been resumed in an enclosure adjoining, and have already been rewarded with a good share of success. Pieces of fresco

of different patterns, which adorned the walls, with the colours almost as fresh as when first put on, have been discovered; also a quantity of soot, and tiles which no doubt was part of a hypocaust.

WIT AND WISDOM.

LORD BROUGHAM IN A FIX.—Whilst at the agricultural dinner held recently at the Athenæum, Lord Brougham had occasion to leave the room to speak to a person who wished to see him, and on his Lordship's return he had rather an amusing rencontre with the doorkeeper. He was walking deliberately into the room when the official abruptly stopped him and demanded his ticket. "My ticket!" exclaimed his Lordship, "why I have just eaten half my dinner." "I can't help that, Sir," replied the doorkeeper, who did not recognize the dignified personage he was addressing, "you cannot pass without a ticket." "My good man," said his Lordship, "I have only this moment left the room, and am now returning to finish my dinner." "I am very sorry for it," rejoined the obstinate official, "but my orders are imperative, and if you were my own father I could not allow you to pass without a ticket." At this moment Mr. Breach, the proprietor of the Bush Hotel, who happened to be in the passage and heard the dispute, stepped up, and helped his Lordship out of the difficulty by telling the man in office whom he was obstructing, and it is needless to add that the doorkeeper was much abashed.—*Carlisle Patriot*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS,

MUSIC, ENGRAVINGS, AND WORKS OF ART,
Published between October 13 and November 14, 1849.

[N.B.—The following list is obtained from the returns of the Publishers themselves, and its accuracy may, therefore, be relied on.]

ART.

Lodge's Portraits of Illustrious Personages. Vol. 1, post 8vo., 6s. (Vol. 1 of Illustrated Library.)

BIOGRAPHY.

Life of St. Cuthbert. By Rev. Monsignor Eyre. Impl. 8vo. 21s. With numerous engravings, maps, &c.

CLASSICS.

Sophocles. Post 8vo., 5s. (Classical Library.)
The Georgics of Virgil. Translated by W. H. Bathurst, M.A. Fcp. 8vo., 4s. 6d.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Instructions for making Unfermented Bread. 16th edition, enlarged, 6d.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

German Literature. By Joseph Gostic. Fcp., part 2, 1s.; 1 vol., cloth lettered, 2s. 6d. (Chambers's Instructive and Entertaining Library.)

True Heroism, and other Stories. 1s., fancy boards. (Chambers's Library for Young People.)

Which is Best? being Tales about the Five Senses, and Divisions of the Globe. 19 illustrations. Crown 8vo., 2s. 6d. cloth gilt.

Scripture Natural History. By the Rev. J. Young. 32 illustrations. Crown 8vo., 2s. 6d. cloth, gilt.

Trees and their Uses. 6d. each sheet.

Latham's History and Etymology of the English Language. 1s. 6d., pp. 96.

Arithmetic Exercises. By John Davis Waymouth. 32mo., 9d. cloth.

Lilly Dawson. By Mrs. C. Crowe. Fcp. 8vo., 6s.

Toil and Trial. By Mrs. Crosland. Post 8vo., 2s. 6d.

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(To be continued.)

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

MARRIAGES.

WILSON.—On the 3rd inst., at St. Paul's, Hammersmith, by the Rev. Frederick Taunton, the Rev. Richard Wilson, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. Second Master of Leeds School, to Harriet Elizabeth, eldest daughter of T. F. Triebner, F.S.A., of Sheperd's-bush.

DEATHS.

ALBEMARLE.—Last week at his seat, Quiddenham House, Norfolk, aged 77, the Earl of Albemarle.

CUNNINGHAM.—On the 6th inst., at Lainshaw, N.B., of dysentery, William Cunningham, Esq., of Lainshaw, aged 73, well known by his writings on prophecy and scriptural chronology.

FULLARTON.—On the 24th October, in Hyde Park-street, Mr. Fullarton, well known as the author of a book on the regulation of currencies, and for his extensive practical acquaintance with Eastern possessions.

HONN.—At Boston, (U. S.) on the 21st of October, Mr. Charles E. Honn, the famous English melodist.

ILLINGWORTH.—On the 24th October, at his residence, Prior-place, Edgbaston, after a short but painful illness, the Rev. Edward Richard Illingworth, M. A., late Head-master of the Birmingham and Edgbaston Proprietary School, greatly lamented by his numerous friends.

JERDAN.—On the 26th October, at Kelso, George Jerdan, Esq., proprietor of the "Kelso Mail," and younger brother of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Jerdan, E. I. C. Service, Bombay, and of William Jerdan, London.

LANGHE.—At Amsterdam, aged 39, Langhe, the Dutch engraver.

LEAKE.—Recently at Perth, Western Australia, aged 64, Mr. George Leake. He was one of the first settlers on the banks of the River Swan, in the year 1829, when he literally pitched his tent on the soil of his newly-adopted country in the primitive patriarchal style, and so roughed it until something like a house was erected. He afterwards became a member of the council and a magistrate. He was formerly a member of the London Stock-Exchange, which he abandoned for the antipodes soon after the disastrous commercial crisis of 1825.

MARIGAËKA.—On the 8th of August, Ranavalo Marigaëka, Queen of Madagascar.

MORTON.—At his residence, Woburn-place, Russell-square, London, in the 36th year of his age, Mr. Thomas Morton deservedly well known to the medical profession by his numerous and valuable contributions to the advancement of science. He succeeded his illustrious relative, the late Mr. Cooper, the author of the "Surgical Dictionary," as surgeon to the Queen's Bench Prison, and recently held also the appointment of assistant-surgeon to the University College Hospital.

PASSMORE.—On the 28th October, at his residence, Albion-terrace, Mile-end, William Passmore, Esq., Honorary Secretary to the Philosophical Institution, Beaumont-square, Mile-end.

PECHELL.—On the 3rd inst., at his residence, Hill-street, Berkeley-square, Rear-Admiral Sir S. John Brooke Pechell, Bart., C.B., K.C.H., F.R.S., aged 64.

SARTI.—At Rome, Signor Sarti, a prominent man in literary matters.

SMELLIE.—Lately in Edinburgh, Mr. A. Smellie, aged 80. Mr. Smellie was an intimate acquaintance of the poet Burns. He carried on business as a printer on his own account for nearly sixty years, held the office of dean of guild from 1819 to 1821, and was several times a magistrate of the city. He was one of the secretaries to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland for more than forty years.

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